CIRCULATION LAST WEEK
144,000
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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE GREATEST NATIONAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897. VOL. LXV: NO. 39.

Poetry.

THE BLIND ARCHER.

Little Boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
Shooting down at the ballroom floor.
He hit an old chaperon watching the dance,
And, O, but he wounded her sore.
Hi, Love, you couldn't mean that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
No word would he say,
But he flew on his way,
For the little Boy's busy, and how could he stay?

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart,
Was planning a celibate vow,
But the Boy's random arrow has sunk in his heart
And the cell is an empty one now.
Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
He isn't for you,
He has duties to do!
"But I am his duty," quoth Love, as he flew.

The King sought a bride, and the nation had hoped
For a Queen without rival or peer,
But the little Boy shot and the King has eloped
With Miss No One on Nothing a year.
Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
What an impudent thing,
To make game of a King!
"But I am King also!" cried Love on the wing.

Little Boy Love grew pettish one day.
"If you keep on complaining," he swore,
"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,
And so I shall plague you no more."
Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!
Hi, Love, what would you be at?
You may ruin our ease,
You may do what you please,
But we can't do without you, you sweet little tease!

—A. Conan Doyle.

WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.

Now doth the gladsome summer, all drenched in autumn tears,
Flee swift to join the somber host of dead and bygone years,
And, mingling with its last few sobs, sweet-tinged with laughter whirls,
There rises woe among the men—but joy among the girls.

For men have got to ante up; they hear this daily song:
"Oh, gracious me, I just declare, most everything's gone wrong!
Three parties, two receptions and one ball will just suffice
To make the people think, John, dear, we really 'cut some ice.'

"Then, Grace comes out, and Carrie wants to marry De Adbroke,
So please to rustle up the plunks or put yourself in soak."
And all John's howls availing naught, he meekly goes ahead
And hits the bank for half his roll, while wishing he were dead.

Then, there's the man whose overcoat has four months' interest due,
'Cause he began to buy a wheel just neatly built for two;
And then again, there's one who's spent vacation and his dough
Together, so he has no cash and must for months lie low.

But the most scared man in all the lot is one who gets per week
Ten plunks, and knows a lot of girls who have a pile of cheek.
For theatres are open now and he feels it in his bones
That the whole mob will ask him to "Please take us, Mr. Jones!"

A HYMN OF PEACE.

Peace! Peace! Oh, let us have peace;
Let war and sorrow and discord cease,
While Turkey is gobbling a piece of Greece!

Peace! Peace! Let amity reign,
While Cuba is being devoured by Spain,
And the Eagle is flapping his wings in vain.

Peace! Peace! Let the farce be played,
While the Kaffir is caught and neatly flayed
And the Buccaneer plans another raid.

Peace! Peace Let us smile and wait
While the enemy's guns command our gate;
We can always cry baby and arbitrate!

Peace! Peace! And there's nothing odd
If the Sultan's scourge and the Spaniard's rod
And the Maxim gun mean the peace of God!
—Life.

Miscellany.

NAPHTHA FOUNTAIN.

The naphtha fountains of Baku are one of the wonderful sights of Southeastern Russia. On the peninsula that jets out from the Caspian Sea are the immense oil fields of Europe, all practically under the control of the Russian government. Next to those of Pennsylvania, they are the largest in the world, and the city which has become a great industrial center by reason of the oil field development, is known everywhere as "The Black City." But Baku hardly deserves this title for it is always light as day there for the great naphtha fountains of fire rise to a heighth of hundreds of feet at times and light up the country for miles and miles.

One on "Billy" Mason.

Senator "Billy" Mason, of Chicago, frequently has jokes on others, but seldom if ever tells one of himself. A prominent Chicago attorney, now in the city, but who is not seeking office, tells the following on the rotund Mason:

Stephen A. Douglas, jr., and a party of friends were discussing the various degrees of confidence they had in the politicians of the Windy City.

Mason's name was being passed from mouth to mouth when young Douglas spoke up.

"I haven't much faith in Mason," said Douglas.

"And why not?" asked one of Mason's supporters.

"Well, I never could have much confidence in a man who has to back up to a door in order to knock," replied young Douglas.—Washington Post.

BRYAN'S NEW SPEECH.

The big crops in Nebraska,
And the gold found in Alaska,
And prosperity returning through the land,
Of course it does relieve you,
But a trick 'tis to deceive you,
Perpetrated by McKinley, with his fine Italian hand.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Blind Man's Battle.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

Between midnight and the coming of the summer's morn there had been strange sounds to arouse the man from sleep, and as he sat up and listened, he whispered to himself:

"It is the marching of men, the gallop of horses, the rumble of cannon wheels, the gathering of a host!"

When the east began to purple, the sounds were louder and nearer, but not so strange as when muffled by the shadows of night. A smile formed upon the man's face as he listened now, and there was a strange exultation in his heart as he hurriedly dressed himself and called to his daughter:

"Aye! Mary, I have heard those sounds before—at Manassas—at Fair Oaks—at Savage Station—at Malvern Hill—at Antietam! Look out and tell me what you see."

"Down in the meadows there are thousands of men," replied the girl, as she stood in the open door—"thousands in blue and thousands in greay. More are coming up from the south—more from the north. There are mounted men—men afoot—men resting in long lines. What does it mean, father?"

"There is going to be a battle, Mary. I knew it would come some day, and I've prayed that I might live to see it."

"But you are blind, father."

"Yes, blind since Chancellorsville, where a bullet spared my life but took my sight, but my ears are good and you shall see for me. The blue are on the east—the gray on the west. How much neutral ground lies between?"

"Just that wide field with the creek nowing through it."

"God! but they nearly run into each other in the darkness! Do you see camp fires?"

"Yes, hundreds of them!"

"The men snatching a sip and a bite while yet there is time. Girl, your voice trembles. Are you afraid?"

"A little."

"Aye! a girl would be, and many men as well, but you must fight it off. Lead me down under the big pear tree. Yes, you are afraid, but it will be a glorious sight—a sight you will remember to your dying day. It is a quiet morning, with no breeze to blow the smoke away, and the black clouds of powder-smoke add to the grimness of the battle. I hear a confused murmur down there—the neighing of horses—the blare of bugles—the sound of wheels on the turnpike—but no reports of muskets. That's good. The skirmishing before the battle is but the scolding of angry women. There was rain yesterday, and there must be plenty of water in the creek. Thank God for that! At Fair Oaks and Savage Station the wounded had to drink the black waters of the swamps. At Chancellorsville there was not even that, and they cried out for water till the sound rose on the night air like a wail of agony from a plague-stricken city. Do I hear masses of men moving down there?"

"Yes, father. The men in blue on foot are forming in lines across the meadows—two long lines. There are cannon here and there, and here and there solid masses of men. The cavalry are riding to right and left. It is almost the same with the men in grey."

"Double lines of battle—reserves—cavalry on the wings—that is right, Mary. God! but to the blind when this picture of war is about to be hung up for eyes to gaze at! Don't tremble, girl—don't be afraid—don't run away from me.

"No, father, I wont leave you, but I'm terribly afraid. The men are far away, but it seems to me that their faces are pale with fear, and that they turn their heads as if they would flee."

"Aye! most of them are pale-faced, daughter, and they look to the right and left and mutter both curses and prayers. The waiting is eating up their hearts. At Fair Oaks we waited for an hour. I trembled like a leaf in the breeze; my teeth clicked together and I wanted to curse and scream and pray in the same breath. I was weeping like a heart-broken child when the enemy came marching across the fields, and the first order of our colonel drove fear from my heart and planted a devil of ferocity there. How quiet it has grown down there, Mary!"

"Yes, there is a hush upon the men; there is no longer any movement. Why do they wait, father?"

"They are drawing a long breath before the rush—looking for the weak spots in each other's lines. Blind! Blind! And I would give all the rest of my days if I could have my sight for two hours! How still it is! If I had not heard the old familiar sounds I should believe that it was yet night and I was dreaming. That's it—that's it—the battle has opened at last, and every red flash is the breath of Death!"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"You must hear—you must see!" shouted her father, pulling at her arm, as if he knew the situation. "Curses upon the bullet which blinded me and the man who fired it! I saw and heard a hundred guns at work at the Chickahominy—more than two hundred at Malvern Hill—two hundred again at Antietam. God! but how they roared and crashed and thundered! How round-shot moaned and shell screamed through the smoke-cloud and made mangled corpses of brave men. Hear it, Mary—hear it!"

"I am afraid, father—terribly afraid!" she sobbed, as she clung to his arm.

"Afraid! Aye, you are but a girl, and fear a harmless snake in the road. If I had my sight—Heavens, but if these were my eyes of old!—I'd rush down there into the smoke and help them to kill—kill—kill! Now I scent the powder-smoke—now I hear the screams of wounded horses—now—now but I am blind—blind!"

"Be quiet, father—be quiet! There—the noise is dying away. What are they going to do now?"

"That was the prelude, girl—the music that opens the ball. There is a menace in the roar of cannon and the scream of missiles, but Death does not reap his harvest until the musket comes into play. The smoke must be lifting now—tell me what you see?"

"There is a movement among the cavalry down on the left of the blue lines—the same on the right of the grey. The masses of men separate—the lines break up and reform again. Ah! I see the flutter of flags and catch the flash of sabres. Are they going to charge, father?"

"Yes, girl, that's it! God pity me—a charge of cavalry, and I cannot even tell daylight from darkness! Look—watch—don't miss a move! The men are breathing hard down there in their saddles—muttering, cursing, impatient for the bugles. I saw a cavalry charge when Ashby was killed, and it was glorious. For hours afterwards my blood tingled, and I felt like cheering. It is level ground down there, and the squadrons will ride at full gallop, every horse with its teeth on the bit, his ears laid back and his eyes aflame. And the troopers will cheer and cheer, and the sabres will flash and whirl, and—and—are they moving, girl? Yes, there go the bugels—they have got the order, and I can't see—I can't see!"

"Hush, father! I am afraid, and yet it is a glorious sight. The lines in blue are moving out—the lines in grey are moving out. Now they walk. Now they trot. Now they gallop. Now—don't you hear the cheers, father?"

"Aye! God in Heaven, but I do—I do! Yes, they cheer and shout and yell, and the thunder of the thousands of hoofs makes the earth quiver under my feet. If my eye-lids were only shut, that I might tear them open with my fingers! Look! Look! Look! It is the grandest thing in war—a cavalry charge! Where will the shock take place?"

"On the green meadow, where the school children used to chase the lambs about at noon-day and search for four-leaved clovers. Hear them cheer, father—hear them cheer!"

"I hear them—I hear them! Hip—hip—hurrah! Word of God, but they have come together! That crash rolled over a thousand horses. Now they cut and slash and shoot and have a fiend's desire to kill! Now they thrust and cut, and have hell's passion in their curses. God, but what a smile on the face of Death, as he looks that way! There are no longer companies and regiments; it is a mob of thousands, whirling 'round and 'round, and filling the jaws of Death to gluttony. I am blind, but I want to go—I must go. I am an old soldier with wounds which blister and burn!"

"Hush, father—be quiet! Now the mob is breaking up. The blue ride to the east—the grey to the west. And God forgive men, but the meadow is littered with horses and riders! Some are quiet—some limp or crawl about—a thousand are down. Oh, father, but think of the widows and orphans—the tears and woe and misery!"

"War is war, child. It is a great beast with flaming eyes and blood-red jaws, and it has no mercy on youth or age—on the widow or the orphan. Tear at my eyes with your fingers—pray to God with me that my sight may return for an hour—a half hour—for ten minutes! I hear a murmuring as of the November winds sweeping through the dead leaves on the beeches. What is it, Mary?"

It is the men on foot—the infantry. The lines are moving forward. A few men are running in front, and they drop to the earth and fire and then rise up and run forward again. Hear it, father—hear it!"

"I hear it; it is the fire of musketry. Now the grain is ripe for the sickle, and the name of the reaper is Death. Hear the volleys merge into a roar! Feel the spite and venom and hate and desire to kill! Men are being sent to their God down there faster than the beats of a clock. It is too deadly and cannot last. Watch, Mary—for God's sake, watch! Why do they cheer?"

"One long line is advancing. I see the bayonets flashing on their guns, and the flags are rippling above the men's heads. See, father—see! Now they run! Now they almost halt and stagger about! Now they push on again, and the other lines fall back. There are dead men at every step—dead men and wounded until the grass is hidden beneath them!"

"And I am blind! blind! blind! God of my fathers, give me back my sight and ask any reward! I have it—I have it—I have it! Mary, I can see—my sight has come back!"

He ran away down the hillside—past the barn with its open doors—past the bee-hives and their buzzing toilers—past the springhouse and through the orchard, and the girl followed after. They had just cleared the last of the trees, each one laden with its wealth of white and pink blossoms, when there was a blare of bugles, a rush of horses and wheels, and a battery came thundering down upon them as it changed its position. The riders saw an old man and a girl ahead of them—saw them halt and look helplessly about and then clasp their arms about each other, but the six horses were lashed to a madder gallop, and no rider looked back to see what the heavy wheels had jolted over.

"Halt! Left wheel into line! Unlimber—boom! boom! boom!"

And shouting and cursing and dancing about like devils, their faces smirched with powder and their eyes burning with the light of battle, they took no heed of the dead almost under their feet—of the old man whose eyes were sealed in death—of the fair-haired girl whose last thought had been to shield him. Of the thousands of dead, what of two more or less?

And as the guns thundered and roared and sent shot and shell into the ranks of the enemy, the pink and white blossoms of apple, peach and pear-tree were shaken down as by a summer's gale, and they fell upon men and guns and caissons and horses, and from thence to earth. And they also fell upon the dead lying there, and they fell so thickly that they hid the sight of blood and the pallor of death, and an artilleryman rested for an instant to observe and to whisper to himself:

"God, but what shrouds for the dead on a battle-field!"

BLIND TOM'S CABIN.

"Blind Tom" is but a memory to-day in the great Klondike region, but his claim, known to-day throughout the world by his name, is among the richest in the new gold field. He was among those daring men who first struck into unknown mountains, each carrying his provisions, his blanket, axe and rifle to force a way through well-nigh impenetrable forest, to scale precipices heights, to cross snow-fields and torrents, and to be rewarded at last with marvellous discoveries of gold and silver. Tom was drowned in the lake a few weeks after he was photographed; that is a part of the game wherewith every prospector is familiar. The man who fears death should avoid prospecting. Behind him is his cabin, such a one as every miner builds when he settles to the development of a claim. The grey logs are chinked with moss and mud, and the shingle roof shines like silver in the sun. There is a pool of cool blue shadow under the stoop, and at the back there is a chimney of wattle and clay. The pines are swaying in the wind overhead against the cloudless sky; the

ground is covered with tangles of wild fruit all in blossom, squirrels dart here and there, beyond you hear the tinkle of running water, while the scent of the woods is an overpowering incense almost compelling sleep.

CHILDREN AS LIFE-SAVERS

Germany has just followed in the footsteps of England and is establishing schools for instruction in swimming and to teach children how to resuscitate their fellows in case of accident. The model school in this respect is of course that known as "The Morning Lane Board

School" of London. At present the classes number several hundred and the pupils range in age from six to sixteen. The quickness with which these children learn the method of saving life, is surprising to those who visit the schools. Prominent educators of America are thinking seriously of introducing the features of "The Morning Lane School" into our school system.

Those Dear Creatures.

May—Did you see that handsome man I just danced with?

Mabel—Yes, he's married to a very jealous woman who insists upon him dancing with the very plainest women.—New York World.

Hateful Old Man.

"And when your wheel broke down seven miles from home," said the "old man," "you repaired it all by yourself, did you?"

"I did," answered the typewriter, proudly.

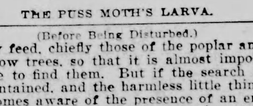
"It seems mighty funny to me, then," he continued, "that when the ribbon on your machine needs shifting you have to call on that dude of a bookkeeper to fix it for you every time."—Indianapolis Journal.

MIMICRY" IN INSECTS.

What has come to be known among natural historians and biologists as "protective mimicry" is, perhaps, as fascinating a page as can be taken from the volume of a life. Somewhere back in the ages, to state the case in the crudest possible terms, an insect grew to look like something else which birds and other insect-eating animals did not use for food. This appearance proved to be such a source of safety that all having it survived, all lacking it perished, until the species presented this appearance and none other.

To this end the very structure of the fly became modified until in color and everything about it the insect was apparently at one with the object counterfeited.

In the United States can be found in some profusion one of the strangest of all these adaptations—the walking-stick insect. They are seldom to be captured

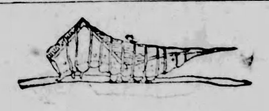


by intention, their mimicry of a little twig being as complete a safeguard against human as other foes. Occasionally in houses standing at the edge of a wood one of these strange creatures can be discovered crawling leisurely up the weather-boarding, but, as a rule, the only way to obtain a specimen is to walk through high undergrowth and watch the clothing to see if one catches. They are entirely harmless, the two little claws at the end of their legs constituting the only feature in any way unpleasant about them. When young, like any twig, they are pale green; as they grow they become gray.

In the region of the Amazon there is a leaf-bearing ant which makes it its life business to gather leaves of a certain kind for the purpose of growing thereon a variety of fungus which is its chief victual. These busy ants are to be found at all times in the season with a fragment

bitten from the edge of a leaf slung over their shoulders on their way home, some of their fellows having climbed the tree and sawed off the leaf with their mandibles as their share of the work. Among them, and protected from harm by its perfect resemblance is a little insect of totally different kind whose body, no thicker than a leaf, is an exact imitation of its sturdier exemplar.

Quite as curious as these and much funnier to look at, is the larva or caterpillar of the so-called puss-moth, a little insect striped gray, something like the fur of a tabby-cat. The caterpillars take on the colors of the leaves on which



(Before Being Disturbed.)

they feed, chiefly those of the poplar and willow trees, so that it is almost impossible to find them. But if the search is maintained, and the harmless little thing becomes aware of the presence of an enemy it has the most disconcerting way in the world of drawing its head into the first ring of its body, which is vividly red,

(After Being Disturbed.)

turning it toward the side from which comes the alarm and twitching its double tail, which it then protrudes from the prongs in which its body ends. The dots on the head are so arranged that the whole effect is that of a demonical human face, which is sufficiently perturbing to the ordinary beholder to satisfy him that it must be paralyzing to any other adversary.

OBEYED THE ORDER.

But Strict Obedience Did Not Suit His Boss.

One of the busiest lawyers in the Roe building hired a new office boy a few days ago. He was in the habit of using rather drastic remarks to his old office boy, who understood the boss to be a "jollier," and knew just how to take him. Not so the newcomer.

One day the lawyer had an unusually important brief to prepare, and when he had been interrupted by a dozen or more callers he jumped up and exclaimed:

"I'm going to get out of this, Johnnie! If any more people come I don't want to see them."

"What shall I tell 'em?" asked Johnnie.

"Tell 'em anything! Tell 'em I am dead!" shouted the Roe building man, as he slammed the door.

Johnnie took him at his word. He wasn't a brilliant fellow at best, and as he was new he thought the boss meant just what he said.

It wasn't three minutes before in walked a lady whom Johnnie had never seen before. She asked for the lawyer.

"He isn't here any more," said Johnnie.

"Not here any more!" repeated the lady, with surprise. "Where is he?"

"He's dead!" blurted out Johnnie, carelessly.

"Dead!" shrieked the woman, piteously.

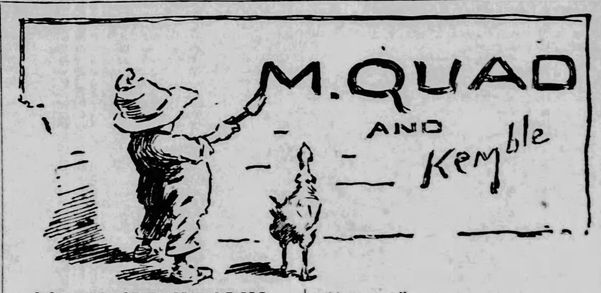
"Yes, ma'am, dead," returned Johnnie. "He died this morning."

"Oh, mercy!" sobbed the lady, and then fell in a dead faint on the floor.

Johnnie rushed out and called for help. Two men from the next office came in. They sent for a doctor, and when the woman was restored to consciousness she asked particularly about her husband's death. They knew nothing of it, and Johnnie had disappeared. She was taken home in a carriage accompanied by one of her husband's colleagues from the building.

Imagine her surprise when she reached home and found her husband seated at his desk in his library preparing a brief.

Suffice it to say that Johnnie is office boy no longer in the office of the man who expects the lad he hires to have a sense of humor. He sent for the old boy and raised his wages, and Johnnie is looking for a place where he is not in danger of misunderstanding his boss, to the great distress of his family.—St. Louis Republic.



SQUAN CREEK FOLKS.

Jep Jones Tells About a Singing School and a Spelling-Bee.

One winter, when things was powerful slow at Squan Creek, and everybody was tired of spitting on the stove and lying about fish and crabs and lobsters, Moses Barber suggested that we git up a singin' school. It was a happy thought and everybody took to it at once. We fixed up the old cooper-shop, put in stoves and benches, and sent over to Philadelphia for a teacher. There was over forty of us in the class, and next to the teacher Moses sort o' bossed the job. I ain't tellin' anything but the solemn truth when I say that Moses Barber had a voice on him which would jump a cow off her feed. It was a mixture of fog-horn, hurricane, conch-shell, bray and growl. When he was out on the bay you could hear him two miles away. Some nights, sitting by his own fireside, he would sing and when he did so the rest of Squan Creek would sit and shiver. There wasn't a singing' voice in the hull crowd, but that voice of Moses took the cake over all. The teacher asked him to sing sumthin', so as to git a line on his voice, and Moses drew a long breath and let

MOSES DREW A LONG BREATH AND LET HER GO.

'er go. It seemed as if every shingle on that old cooper-shop fluttered, and the teacher turned pale and backed off as he asked:

"Mr. Barber, is that your own nateral voice?"

"Of course," said Moses.

"How long have you had it?"

"Over forty years. What's the matter with my voice?"

"I don't know. Did a building ever fall on to it?"

"Never."

"Ever hit on the chist by a cannon ball?"

"No. I've allus taken mighty good keer of my voice, and I've brung it here to be trained to sing. What I want to learn to sing is 'Yankee Doodle' and 'The Sweet Bimeby.' I kin use "Yankee Doodle' to rock the young 'uns to sleep, and the other to softer up the ole woman when she gits mad. Lemme try again."

He put on a leetle more power this time, and the lamps went out and the door busted wide open. If seventeen plainin'-mills had all started up at once the noise couldn't hev bin wuss. It was two minites before the teacher got breath 'nuff to say:

"Mr. Barber, I don't want to discourage you, but if I was you I wouldn't turn to singin.' Your voice is what they call 'sot'."

"How sot?" asked Moses.

"It's bin doin' biziness in one line fur forty years past, and it'll be powerful hard to make a change. If I had sich a voice as that I'd hire out fur a government fog-horn, or I'd walk around scarin' toughs and prize-fighters to death."

"But I want to learn to sing soprano," says Moses, feelin' hurt and mad.

"Then I'll be goin' back home," says the teacher. "Thar' ar' some things in this world which no man kin do, and one of them is to teach you to sing."

That made Moses hoppin' mad, and he said if he couldn't sing nobody else should. As he was a purty good man, and allus willin' to lend his jack-knife or a chaw of terbacker, some of the folks took sides with him, and as a consequence that singin' school didn't go off. He busted up the hull thing inside of a week, and when he sot down to sing "Yankee Doodle" to his last born the splinters and savin's flew all over Squan Creek. Three or four weeks later he got another idea. One night, when the gang of us was in Parker's grocery, sumthin, was said about how to spell "whale," and Moses riz up and says:

"It don't make so much difference about singin', but we orter know how to spell whatever comes along. I've bin ketchin' crabs and lobsters fur the last twenty-five years but I couldn't spell one of 'em to save my neck. When I'm sendin' a box up to New York them fellers don't know what's in it 'till they rip the kivers off. 'Twant long ago that my crate of crabs got mixed up with somebody's eels 'cause I couldn't spell 'em. What I says is fur Squan Creek to hev a spellin'-school."

It 'peared to be a good idea, and we all went in fur it, and we repaired up the cooper-shop agin and turned out one evenin' to spell. Jason Spooner, the town clerk, was appointed to hold the spellin'-book, and afore the performance started off, he says:

"We hev started in to boost Squan Creek out o' the quagmire of desolashun by learnin' to spell, and nobody must git mad and disturb the meetin' 'cause he can't hit things the fust time. Nero couldn't spell 'cat' to the day of his death, and thar hev bin kings and queens who was jest as bad off. The fust word given out is 'clam,' and as Moses Barber is at the head of the line, and as he shipped over 400 bar'ls of clams to New York last sezun, he kin hev the fust go at it."

"What sort of clam?" asks Moses.

"Any sort."

"But thars varus sorts o' clams, you know, and I aint tryin' to spell a hard-shell fur a soft-shell or a little neck."

"Thar' may be varus sorts o' clams," says Jason, "but thar' is only one way to spell her. Jis draw a long breath and start off."

"I'm spellin' it k-a-l-m, calm."

"Which ain't right, and I'll pass to the next.

That word went to 'leven different men afore Isaac Harper spelled it right. He kinder thought it would be given out, and so he bought a can of clam-chowder in the arternoon to study up on it. Bimeby Moses was given a show on the word crab, and he says to Jason:

"You mixed up them clams on me and put me out. Now I'm wantin' to know if this is a hard-shell or soft-shell crab?"

"It's jist crab."

"A big or little one?"

"Can't say as to that. Thar' ain't nuthin' down in the book except crab."

"Then I don't try to spell it," says Moses. "What I wants is a fair show. If the man who writ that spellin'-book didn't know thar' was several kinds o' crabs I ain't to blame fur it."

Jason said the word would pass to the next, but it didn't. Moses felt that he was bein' throwed down on crabs, and he got so plumb mad that he smashed the door and broke a winder, and the spellin'-school broke up in a row. Some wanted it to go on without Moses, and some contended that he arter be given a show, and betwixt the two Squan Creek

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THE MAN WHO WAS SOT

I had stopped at an Arkansas cabin to get a noonday bite, and sat smoking with the man and his wife after the lunch was disposed of when she looked out through the open door and quietly said:

"Jim, I reckon to consider we'd better be a-gittin'."

"Fur why?" he asked.

"Cyclone comin'."

"Shoo! What you know 'bout cyclones? Jest gwine to rain a bit bimeby."

He went on to tell me about some trouble he had had with the government over the cutting of public timber, and after five minutes the wife looked out again and said:

"Jim, we'd better be a-gittin' fur the hole in the ground."

"Fur why?"

"Cyclone comin' suah's yer bo'n."

"Shoo! Hanner, you hain't got no sense in yer head!"

We all moved out doors and saw a black and vengeful looking cloud in the southwest which indicated something beyond the ordinary. The man looked serious, but as he had made light of the wife's warning, he didn't want to give in too quickly.

"Looks jest the same as that cyclone last y'ar," observed the wife, as she pulled at her pipe.

"Not a bit like it," he replied. "Jest gwine to thunder and rain. Wimin folks don't know nuthin' 'bout the weather."

"Cyclone fur suah," she persisted.

"Shoo! Stranger, you 'scuse my ole woman, but she's bin weak in the head fur a y'ar past."

"And you 'scuse him, stranger, fur he never did know a coon track from a side o' bacon."

Then they appealed to me in chorus for a decision as to which was right, but I evaded it by asking if they had a cyclone cellar.

"Thar's a hole in the ground out thar'," replied the man, "but sumthin' ain't gwine to happen to skeer us. Them clouds cum up and hang around most every day in the week. Hanner orter hev mo' sense."

"Better git out thar', stranger," she cautioned. "I hain't got no sense, and the ole man is still wuss off, and you'll hev to take keer o' yourself."

The cloud grew so menacing that I made for the pit and dropped into it. For a minute or two I heard the pair jawing each other, and then there came a howl ing, screaming gust which picked up and dissolved the cabin and uprotted every tree around it. It came and went in the space of 20 seconds, and, after the air had cleared of flying splinters, I climbed out of the pit to find a scene of desolation. After three or four minutes the woman rose up from behind a stump to which she had clung, and a little later the man crawled out of a ditch where he had taken refuge. They looked at each other and then around the place, and finally the woman said:

"Jim, 'pears to me that sumthin' has happened around yere."

"Yes, 'pears that way to me," he replied.

"I said cyclone, and it was cyclone fur suah. Gwine to give up, Jim?"

"Not on my life! You said cyclone, but it was only one o' them balmy breezes what wouldn't blow an old rag off the clothesline!"

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SILAS HUMBLE.

He Meets a Fellow-Pilgrim and Gives Him Pointers.

Whilst I was passin' over the plains of "Dam Fi Know" to reach the town of Richmond Hill and show my show, I met up with a solemn-lookin' old man, who was ridin' a blind and humble lookin' hoss. As he drew nigh to each other the old man lifted up his head and said:

"Pilgrim, art thou a benign and benevolent critter who hast come hither to make the world better?"

"That's what I hast," I replied. "As I travel over the hills and prairies of the West, I leave nuthin' but a broad trail of Varchew, Truth, and Innocence behind."

"Then I welcome thee," said the old man. "Allus remember that integrity is the foundashun of success."

"And that Truth crushed to earth will riz agin," sez I.

"And that Goodness is a lamp shinin' out of a dark night," sez he.

"And that Adversity brings out our strength," sez I.

"And that a good man is above riches," hez he.

Then he smiles benignly, and I smiles benevolently, and purty soon he wipes off his chin and sez:

"Stranger human natur' is very weak and wicked. Here and thar' ye find a critter who loves Varchew and Integrity and sots out a thorn-tree that those who come after him may scratch their backs free gratis, but most of 'em prefer to sot around and play poker. Hast observed it?"

"I hast, and wondered over it. Nay, I hev chided them also."

"Not a bit."

"But it did no good?"

"Alas! No! Maybe it was better to git out the keerds and appeal to their consciences through their boodle. Canst play the enticin' game called poker?"

"Jest a few, feller pilgrim, though with no intent of wickedness. Wouldn't git down and take a hand to pass a weary hour?"

"I wouldst," sez he, as he got off his hoss. "He that would conker Vice must be armed at all pints, and I find I'm a leetle shy on poker. We will play a few games that we may make the world better as we resume our journey."

I got down and spread a blanket on the grass and got out the keerds, and as I was dealin' the fust hand, the old pilgrim strokes his chin-whiskers, and sez:

"Truth is a jewel without cost, and yit fit fur an Empress to wear."

"And it takes the same amount of corn-cobs to smoke one ham as it does ten," sez I.

"Thar' ar' many hills in life, but beyond every hill is a holler," hez he.

"It's the critter who clubs a pole-cat fur a coon that complains loudest of man's inhumanity," sez I.

And then he looks his hand over and sighs that the world is no better, and sez he will go a dollar on what he's got, I riz him a dollar, and he called me and won. That makes him more beninger than before, and he pokes me in the ribs, and sez:

"A hog is no bigger than a hole in the fence which lets him through."

"And a hole in a fence is a hole in the farmer's pocket, sez I.

He got a pair in the deal and drawed three keerds and with much benevolence and with many wishes fur the betterment of the world in general, he bluffed at me 'till I laid down and he was $5 ahead of the game. Thus did I permit him to pursoo his sinful tactics fur half an hour, and his beninness would have made a clam open its shell and smile. Bimeby I dealt him three kings in his hand, and sez:

"Feller-pilgrim, a hog which cannot be driven a mile again his will, will make twenty to please himself."

And as he saw them kings in his hand his heart swelled with benevolence, and he replied:

"Couldst I but make the whole world happy fur a day I'd be willin' to submit to a bath at night."

And while I was dealin' him three kings among his five keerds I also dealt myself four aces, and as we discarded and drawed to fill, my feelin's of rectitood caused me to say:

"He who leaneth on the staff of Integrity cannot fall into the pit of Vice as he walks."

He had drawed two jacks and made a full-house, and he was so tickled that he poked me in the ribs agin and softly sez:

"An honest man may be poor in purse but he is allus rich in his own conscience."

Then he lured me on and on, and I lured him on and on, and when thar' was nigh upon a hundred dollars in the pot I called him and scooped the board. When he saw them four aces in my hand all the benignness went out of his face and the benevolence out of his heart, and he called me sinful names and betrayed the fact that he was a benchman of Vice.

Five minits later his smile returned and his unction was as before. Pattin' me on the back he sez:

"Adversity is but a straw in the way of Perseverence. I'll put up my hoss again $25 and take another hand at the enticin' game."

"Onward and upwards is the way to success, and I'll do it," sez I.

And we sot down and dallied with the spots and picture, and we smiled benevolent smiles and artfully poked each other in the ribs. He thought he was artfuller than I was, and when he got four jacks in his hand and he felt that victory was his, I had four queens in mine, however, and when we laid down our keerds he was a busted critter. He had come out to slay, and had bin slewed. His smile fades away, his benignness takes wings, and he rises up and speaks disrespectfully of all my relashuns.

"Farewell, feller pilgrim," sez I, as he heads away towards the settin' sun with a limp to his left leg. "The wind bloweth whar she listeth and it's hard to tell the size of a cat by seein' her tracks in the snow."

And also:

"Humility is a good thing, but four aces is better."

And likewise:

"It's what we pay fur that we don't give away."

And when he was limping away he looked back and quoted these words from the Bible: "I will go softly all my days."

SILAS HUMBLE,
General Showman and Philosopher.
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CHALLIS WRAPPER.

With Yoke and Cuffs of All-Over Embroidery.

There is no excuse for the young or old appearing in the home circle in untidy attire, for so many simple contrivances in the way of house gowns, wrappers and semi-loose robes may now be made with the aid of a pattern at such trifling expense as to render it not only possible but very easy to have several changes, says the Delineator. The comfortable wrapper shown in the illustration is made of challis and all-over embroidery with ribbon for the decorative completion. To render the wrapper trim in effect, it is necessary that there should be a fitted lining extending to basque depth. The fanciful pointed yoke of all-over embroidery gives a dressy effect and the turn-up cuffs that finish the bishop sleeves match the collar. Ribbon sash ties draw the fulness in closely to the figure. A pretty way to secure the ribbon is to form it in two outstanding loops at the back ends where it is tacked over the shirring at the waist and tied a little to the left of the center in front. Washable materials make up charmingly by the mode.

WANTED TO TEACH IN KANSAS.

Some of the Answers Submitted by Applicants for Certificates.

At the examination for teachers' certificates, says the Topeka Capital, held recently, the record for making fool answers probably belongs to Cowley county. The following will illustrate:

Question—Who was Louis Agassiz? Name some historical facts connected with his life.

Answer—Louis Agassiz was a humorist.

Another—Louis Agassiz was the "assistant" of Garfield.

Question—What is meant by Rockefeller and Squatter Sovereignty, and who was the author of each?

Answer—Rockefeller is getting paid for everything those you, or, we might say, if some one steals something from you, you might have the right to steal something from him to get even.

Answer—Squatter Sovereignty did not want slaves.

Another—Squatter Sovereignty means a state may come into the Union when ever it wants to, without any formality or ceremony. Squatter Sovereignty was an idea advocated by Henry Clay that when a new comer came into a state he could vote immediately, then cross over into another state, vote and return home.

Question—Name five American poets, and name one of their writings.

Answer—Macaulay, Knickerbocker's History of New York; Gardner — Washington Irving; Nicklas Booker.

A New Hercules.

"I should like to have seen that old-time strong man they have written down as the strength was equal to that of 200 ordinary men."

"That isn't anything great. Tom Reed did the work of 300 men for four months running."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

McKinley's Toledo Speech.

"Will you please tell us when and where President McKinley ever made a free silver speech? My neighbors say he did, but it is news to me, and I want information. They (my neighbors) fail to give it."—D., Shady Grve, Va.

Besides the above, we have requests from L. S. T., Poplar Bluff, Mo.; A. G. D., Lena, Neb., and D. F. L., Lamoni, Ia., for the "facts" as to McKinley's Toledo speech. Here they are:

On February 12, 1891, the Ohio League of Republican clubs held its annual meeting in Toledo. A banquet followed in the evening, at which nine orators spoke, among them Major McKinley. The Daily Blade of the 13th published his speech in full, and it occupied four or five columns in this sized type. It was in response to the toast, "An American Tariff for the American People." It was devoted entirely to a discussion of the tariff question, and a defense of the McKinley law, which had been in operation but a few months. At that time, of course, Harrison was President, and it was understood that Cleveland was to be candidate for renomination in 1892. Major McKinley took up Cleveland's tariff views, and scored them severely. In this portion of his speech he said:

"The gentleman who is now so insistent for cheap necessaries of life, while in office and clothed with authority, was unwilling that sugar, an article of prime necessity to every household, should come untaxed to the American people, when it was known that it was an annual burden upon them of $60,000,000. He stood then as the uncompromising friend of dear sugar for the masses. During all of his years at the head of the government he was dishonoring one of the precious metals, one of our own great products; discrediting silver and enhancing the price of gold. He endeavored, even before his inauguration to office, to stop the coinage of silver dollars; and afterwards, and to the end of his administration, persistently used his power to that end. He was determined to contract the circulating medium and demonetize one of the coins of commerce, limit the volume of money among the people, make money scarce and therefore dear. He would have increased the value of money and diminished the value of everything else—money the master, everything else its servant. He was not thinking of 'the poor' then. He had left 'their side.' He was not 'standing forth in their defense.' Cheap coats, cheap labor and dear money; the sponsor and promoter of these professing to stand guard over the welfare of the poor and lowly!"

This is the only allusion to silver in the speech, and McKinley's attitude as then expressed was precisely that of tens of thousands of Republicans. Silver had taken a speculative turn upward, but the steady decline in its price, due to increased production, had not yet set in.

That decline wakened all intelligent men to the real danger. It is no unfriendliness to silver, or to plenty of money, that impels opposition to the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. It is not a desire to make money scarce and dear, but a desire to save us from the evils of a depreciated and fluctuating currency. Since the date of McKinley's speech, six years ago, it has became evident that the free coinage of silver would not bring us bimetallism, and add the stock of silver to the present stock of gold; but that it would drive all the gold out of circulation, and give us the silver alone, with a dollar with a purchasing power of only 39½ cents. The progress of events enlightened the people, and Major McKinley is a progressive man. His views to-day are those of all other intelligent men on this subject.

That Catch Question.

In the Bureau of Weekly Blade of September 9, we prfuted a catch question submitted to us, "What officer lost his life because he neglected to open a note?" The replies below show that there were several of him:

H. E. S., Ames, Iowa, writes:

"Archias, a Grecian chief magistrate, was so unpopular that the people conspired to kill him. Archias was drinking on the day that the plot was to be executed, when a courtier brought him a note informing him of the fact, and said: 'This is a serious matter; read it now.' He howled, 'Serious things to-morrow,' and did not read it. As a result he was killed."

W. U., Dennis, Kan., and J. A. M., Coylesville, Pa., also T. L. J., West Beaver, O., send the following in substance:

"While Gen. Washington was crossing the Delaware on his way to Trenton, Gen. Rall, who was in command of the Hessian troops, was celebrating Christmas in a drunken revel. While in the midst of his revel, a messenger handed him a note containing Washington's plan of attack. Instead of reading the note he thrust it into his pocket. In the battle Rall was mortally wounded, and died soon after the battle. Had he read the note his life might have been saved."

R. B., Fellowsville, W. Va., answers thus: "There were two generals lost their lives by not opening a letter or note. They were Julius Caesar and Gen. Rall."

Ohio Democratic Platform.

"In your criticism on the fifth plank of the Ohio Democratic platform, you state: 'There is not a bond of the United States outstanding but has been bought at gold value, not a Treasury or national bank note in existence but the government received gold value therefor.' No Democratic friend pronounces this a misleading and false statement. He says the bonds were bought with the depreciated currency or by foreigners at from 35, 50, 80 etc., cents value per dollar of face value of bonds."—J. A. B., Trimway, Ohio.

Very well; do you suppose there is an original bond of the war issues in existence in the hands of the man who bought it originally? Can you imagine that any man holds greenbacks which he obtained when they were below par? All the old issues of bonds have been refunded; the original issues of greenbacks have been replaced by new ones.

As the credit of the nation improved, those who held bonds (or greenbacks) profited by their advance. No man to-day holds an United States bond, no man has a greenback in his pocket, that he did not give the gold value for, either in money, or in work, or in merchandise or some other commodity.

All our bonds and paper money came to par a little before the date fixed for the resumption of specie payments—January 1, 1879. For eighteen years they have been worth their face value in gold, and the bonds have for years sold at a premium.

We repeat, that not a bond exists to-day but that the government received full value therefor, not a greenback nor a national bank note but its present holder gave its equivalent gold value. For the government to attempt to pay them in silver would be to drive the country to the silver standard, and rob the men who hold these obligations.

J. D., Waynesfield, O., also quotes the above for The Blade, and asks:

"Will you please explain in The Blade when and how the government received gold on any other value for national bank notes?"

We are obliged for your calling our attention to a bit of hasty writing. The meaning is clear, though the verbiage is obscure. The idea we intended to express is that there is not a Treasury note in existence for which the government did not receive gold value, nor a national bank note for which the issuing bank did not receive the same.

The 39th Iowa.

We are under obligations to J. C. S., Witterset, Iowa; I. K., Chrpool, Ind., and E. M. A., Medora, Ind., for reply to a query of T. P. W., Ottawa, Kan.:

"The 39th Iowa infantry at the battle of Allatoona Pass, Georgia, October 5, 1864, belonged to the 3d brig., 4th div., 15th army corps. The brigade was commanded by Col. F. J. Hurlbut, the division by Gen. John M. Corse. The 39th lost their colonel at that battle, viz., Col. Redfield. A short time previous to the battle mentioned the division, as an organization, was the second of the 16th corps."

The Prophet Zechariah.

"Explain the first verse of the 6th chapter of Zechariah."—P. D. H., South Evansville, Pa.

The verse is merely the opening one of a description of a vision seen by the prophet. The entire vision is accepted as having reference to the Jews, and the re-establishment of the theocracy after the return from captivity. Zechariah returned from Babylon with Zerubbabel, and his prophecies were uttered soon after that in the second year of Darius, B. C. 520. No exposition of Zechariah assumes that this vision refers to anything modern.

Tanning Sheepskins.

"Can you give directions for tanning sheepskins with wool on, so as to keep the wool white? If I take them to a tannery they come out with wool tan color."—S. B. A., Grafton, W. Va.

Wash the skin in warm water, and remove every particle of fleshy matter from the inner surface; then clean the wool side with soft soap, and wash clean. When the skin is perfectly free from all fatty and oily matter, apply the following mixture to the flesh side. The amount is for one skin:

Take common salt ¼ lb., pulverized alum ¼ lb., borax ½ oz.; dissolve all in one quart hot water, and when cool enough to bear the hand, add rye meal to make it a thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side. Fold the skin lengthwise and let it remain two weeks in an airy and shady place; then remove the paste, wash, and dry. When nearly dry, scrape the flesh side with a crescent-shaped knife. The softness of the skin depends much on the amount of working it receives.

Keeping Cider Sweet.

"Suckers" Ridge, Ore., has our thanks for the following:

"I notice in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of Sept. 2, that F. K., of Gladstone, Mo., wants a recipe for keeping cider sweet. If F. K. will use a barrel or any kind of vessel that has been used for linseed oil, he (or she) can keep cider in it at any stage desired, by draining the oil out and pouring in the cider. It will not ferment after it is put in the oil barrel. This may seem a little fishy; it did with me, but nevertheless it is true. If one is a little timid about it I would advise them to try it on a small scale. The cider will have a little of the flavor of the oil at first, but one will soon get accustomed to it so they will like it."

Restoring Fibre Ware.

M., Greensburg, Kan., has our thanks for this information:

"I find it pays to restore fibre ware with shellac varnish. Though not as good as new, it lasts a long time, and can be quickly renewed. I have mended several articles of this ware—two buckets through which a cow's foot had gone. I saturated the pieces a minute or two in thin varnish, and replaced quickly; then put cloths on both sides of the injured part, but some larger, while it was yet wet with the varnish; these cloths were then covered with common newspaper, and varnished."

Rare Coins, Etc.

"Is there a premium on the quarter of 1853 with rays?"—W. L., Lexington, O.

"What is the premium on the quarter of 1853?"—J. B., Creston, N. C.

There are two issues of the quarter of 1853. The first is scarce. It has no arrow heads on each side of the date, and no rays. It is worth $1. The other has arrowheads and rays, and is worth only its face—25 cents.

I. V. B. Freeland, Mich.: The silver coin you describe is a Spanish coin of one real, or the eighth of a peso. Its face value is 12½ cents; bullion value about 3 cents; no premium.

Care of a Watch.

"Some people claim that a watch will wear longer and keep better time if kept running constantly than if allowed to run only part of the time. Is this correct? I have one of the watches The Blade gives for a club of three. It has given perfect satisfaction."—Subscriber, Peach Tree, N. C.

It is better to keep a watch running steadily, and to wind it carefully at the same time daily. It keeps the mainspring in good condition.

The Sherman Law.

"Did Senator Sherman vote for or against the Sherman bill of 1890?"—R. B. L., Cleredsford, Tenn.

Senator Sherman was chairman of the Senate finance committee, which reported the bill as an amendment to and substitute for a free coinage measure which had been referred to that committee. He is credited with drafting the bill, and he voted for it in the Senate.

Will Carleton.

W. F. M., Aiken, Ill.: The reason the cyclopedias, etc., treat Will Carleton's life so briefly is because, like the vast majority of men, his life has had in it no striking or romantic events. He was born in Hudson, Lenawee county, Michigan, October 21, 1845, graduated at Hillsdale college, that state, in 1869. In 1878, and again in 1885, he traveled through Europe. Shortly after leaving college he began to lecture, and he visited Great Britain and Canada for this purpose, as well as most of the Northern and Western states. His ballads of domestic life have been very popular, and earned him what fame he has as a writer.

Miscellaneous.

R. H., Elma, Wash.: We have not the information.

J. H., Fidelity, O.: We are sorry to say we do not know who manufactures them.

C. T., Fairfield, Ill.: Joe Corbett, of the National League, is generally considered the best pitcher this year in the great leagues.

B. N. W., Wymdn, Ark.: Get some wholesale man with whom you deal in St. Louis or Chicago to send you the address of some reputable firm of jewelers.

P. E. S., China Grove, N. C.: Yes, turtle doves can be tamed. Poultry dealers in cities sell doves, as there is always a market among children for tame ones.

INSTEAD OF BELL PUNCH.

Fare Collection System Used in Canadian Cities.

The president of the Northeast Electric Street railway of Kansas City intends that the conductors on that road shall use fare boxes in collecting fares instead of pocketing them and ringing them up on a register.

In several Canadian cities the conductors use a leather covered box with square corners and a handle at one end, and a slot in the top into which the fare is dropped. When the conductor goes to get a passenger's fare he takes down his box, which, when not in use, hangs from a hook in a corner of the car. He reaches the box out toward the passenger, just as a church deacon passes the contribution box, and the passenger drops in the fare. If the passenger wishes change made he hands the coin to the conductor, who gives him back the full amount of change, and then the passenger selects the five-cent piece from it and drops it in the box. The conductor does not

THE CANADIAN FARE BOX.

have a key to the box and cannot open it, and the slot is so arranged that coins cannot be shaken out of it. As an additional precaution against loss the conductor is required to ring up each fare on a dial register screwed to the front of the car, in full view of the passengers. The street car companies in the cities where these fare boxes and registers are used say they do not lose a penny by dishonest conductors.

How She Took It.

"Does Miss Merry smile upon your suit, Chumpley?"

"Smile? She laughs till you can hear her a block every time I propose."—Detroit Free Press.

Matters for Experts.

There were points about the sugar schedule which commanded expert attention. Conspicuous among them were when to buy and when to sell.—Washington Star.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to sustain the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25 cents.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

Citizen Bird is the title of a very pretty volume by the two well-known authors, Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues, who have collaborated in the production of a most entertaining book designed for the pleasure as well as the instruction of young people. It is described upon the title page as containing scenes from bird-life in plain English for beginners. It takes the form of a story with a great deal of cheerful conversation, through the medium of which much useful information is given.

Birds may be divided, according to their journeys, into three groups, which, the Doctor says, may be called Citizens, Summer Citizens, and Winter Visitors. Then again they may be gathered into six classes: The Birds That Sing; The Birds That Croak and Call; The Birds That Are Cannibals; Those Which Coo and Scratch; Those That Wade and Paddle, and Those That Swim and Dive. After making this division the Doctor proceeds to tell the young people in pleasant style about the habits of the different birds and teaches them to observe and describe them, the whole being so charmingly done as to make the book as fascinating as a fairy tale to the young, and grown-up people will not find their time mis-spent in looking over its pages.

The illustrations are numerous and exceptionally good. They are the work of Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the great bird sketching artist. The Macmillan Company of New York publish the volume.

Many of the most delightful books of the year have been the ones devoted to Nature, and those of Nature's children who inhabit the fields and woods. Besides Citizen Bird noticed above, among recent publications I find one from the Appletons entitled Familiar Features of the Roadside, by F. Schuyler Mathews, treating of the flowers, and the shrubs, that are really beautiful, but usually passed carelessly because "so usual common"; and the birds and the insects that flit from bush to tree, from green herb to flower, making the still air full of busy life.

The whole book is a charming description of these "familiar roadway features," and reading it, one wonders at the blindness with which we pass through these scenes. Interest is added to the whole by the scraps of music introduced here and there, showing that there is an individuality in the songs of birds, although in those of the same species the general construction is the same.

The volume is very prettily illustrated with many full-page engravings, and its whole appearance is attractive.

A book with the rather peculiar title, On the Outer Rim; Studies in Wider Evolution, by Geo. E. Wright, gives a broader idea of evolution than has been usually associated with it since Darwin entered the field a quarter of a century ago. Opening with a poem, Dawn, in which the closing stanzas express a possibility for humanity, Mr. Wright goes on to discuss the wider evolution denying in the beginning the principle of the survival of the fittest, which, if it be a law, should prevail throughout the whole range of evolution, but emphatically does not. He declares that all evolution has its origin in a single atom of matter from which all subsequent forms have been developed to even the highest and most complicated.

Starting from this premise, the author proceeds to prove his position, and he brings many logical arguments, though within the limits of a small book, it is impossible to enter fully into the discussion of so important a subject. He outlines the evolution of the cosmos, describes the law of cycles as a measurer of time, speaks of the magic of nature, and urges the necessity for man to "know himself." It is a little book that will bear a careful reading. Alfred C. Clark, of Chicago, is the publisher.

A very well written and interesting society story is one entitled Lady Charlotte, the author of which is Adeline Sargeant. The characters are all clearly drawn, and hold the interest of the reader to the finale.

The Lady Charlotte, a very handsome and aristocratic woman, has a beautiful niece who is being coached by Esther Ellison for college. The latter is a brilliant and fascinating girl, college trained and earning her own living. Her cousin Arthur, a young fellow, who, from the first, arouses distrust, manages to work himself into the confidence of Lady Charlotte, and becomes her secretary, and this is done under pretense of being the brother of Esther, a story which she failed to deny at the proper time, and which came near wrecking her life.

I shall not attempt to follow the skilfully developed plot, but it is enough to say that the story is full of incident and action throughout, while some parts of it are dramatic, notably the final scene between Lady Charlotte and Arthur Ellison. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, are the publishers.

A Bit of a Fool, by Sir Robert Peel, Bart., is one of those stories told in the first person, which are sometimes very delightful and sometimes exceedingly dreary. This one is neither the one nor the other. From the first it is easy to see that the author is endeavoring to give a realistic picture of life. The hero is a young man who paints himself with a good many shadows upon his moral character, and they do not grow less deep as the times goes on. He is the "bit of a fool," though it might be questioned whether the beautiful maiden, who, as usual in such cases is made out an angel because she is constant to a bad man, is not really the "fool" in this case. R. F. Fenno & Company, of New York, are the publishers. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Other Mention.

The American Book company, of Cincinnati, issue in attractive form the following books for school use and in some cases for the home circle:

Round the Year in Myth and Song, by Florence Holbrook, is intended as a reading book for the third and fourth grades. The myths which are known the world over and which give a key to so much that is beautiful in art and literature are here told to arouse interest as stories, while the poetical selections celebrate the seasons from September to June. It is prettily illustrated.

Another book for the use of schools is The Story of Japan, by R. Van Bergen, M. A. It describes in an entertaining way the principal events in past Japanese history, and shows the steps leading to the reforms and changes of the present. It is prettily bound and illustrated.

Then there is The American Word Book, by Calvin Patterson, which claims to give a progressive plan for teaching the forms and values of English words in common use. Its author, being a teacher, should know what he is talking about.

Other books from these publishers are Physics for Grammar Schools, by Charles L. Harrington, and the Natural Music Reader, by Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. The first is a volume showing the method of teaching the elements of physics by means of experiments. The latter are only such as are simple and easy to be performed, either at home or in the class room. The book is adapted to use in the grammar schools, and also along the lines of preparation for college.

The second book contains music adapted for use in high and normal schools, choral societies and the home circle. It concludes the series of the Natural Course of Music by the same authors.

The following fall announcements of William Doxey, at The Sign of the Lark, one of the leading publishers in San Francisco, show that bookmaking on the Pacific shore is by no means a lost art:

The Wild Flowers of California, Their Names, Haunts and Habits, by Mary Elizabeth Parsons, illustrated by Margaret Warner Buck; 600 specimens described; 150 full page illustrations. An especial edition with six plates colored by hand is preparing for advance subscribers; an limited edition de luxe will be published with all plates hand colored under direction of the artist, $25. Ready October 15. The first comprehensive work yet published on the flora of California.

Yermah the Dorado, A Story of the Llama City of Flames, by Frona Eunice Wait; crown 800; cloth crimson stamped with black and gold; symbolic cover; price $1.50. The author gave years of study preparatory to the publication of her novel—a story of prehistoric times which takes in the wonderful civilizations of Mexico and Central America. Yermah was the Messiah of the Aztecs, and the struggles of the god-man with his human nature are woven into a thrilling love story. A vein of occultism of high order adds to the fascination of the work.

The Voice of the Valley, by Yone Nojuchi (the "Homeless Snail"), author of Seen and Unseen, with an introduction by Charles Warren Stoddard and a frontispiece by Wm. Keith. In his preface Mr. Stoddard says: "Noguchi is a word-builder of startling originality and power. There are passages in his poem as lofty and abrupt as the precipitous walls of the valley he adores." (The Yosemite.)

Idle Hours in a Library, by William Henry Hudson (professor of English literature, Stanford University), author of Introduction to Herbert Spencer's Works, Interpretations, etc. Idle Hours consists of essays; Samuel Pepys and His Diary; Shakespeare's London; Two Novelists of the Restoration; The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter; printed on Dickinson's St. Albans laid paper, foolscap, 800, cloth, 250 pages, $1.25. In the preface Prof. Hudson asks that the essays be taken as they strictly indicates, a "browsing among books" of favorite authors, with no scholastic intent whatever. The author is known by previous works as a delightful essay writer.

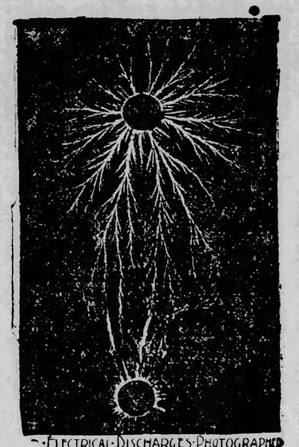
Sonnets From the Trophies of Maria Jose de Heredia, translated from the French by Edw. Robison Taylor; edition limited to 500 copies; beautifully printed on Dickinson's Batchworth laid paper. M. de Heredia is master of the forenost poets of France to-day. A member of the Academy, one of whom Edmund Gosse says: "He would rather be banished from his country than allow a loose rhyme to escape him or commit a solecism in prosody." So far as is known Dr. Taylor's work is the first translation of his poetry into English.

The Macmillan company has lately published Old Times in Middle Georgia, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, the author of Dukesborough Tales and other popular stories. Most of the stories in the present volume have appeared in magazines, notably The Century. They show peculiarities of life among the people of Georgia which only those who have lived there and with observant eye would notice. The touches of dialect in the conversations are very amusing without being tiresome, and the humor appeals to most readers. In Mr. Johnston's only infirmity it is delightfully present. Some of the titles of the stories are as follows: Mr. Eben Bull's Investments; Mr. Cummin's Relinquishment; Shadowy Joes; Their Cousin Jimmy; Old Lady Lazenberry and Mr. Pea Nearly Nonplussed.

A very dainty and attractive pamphlet comes from the author J. C. Lawrence Clark, of Lancaster, Mass. It is entitled Tom Moore in Bermuda; A Bit of Literary Gossip, and is a charming talk about the sojourn of the poet in that place. It is profusely illustrated.

ELECTRIC DISCHARGES

The Windsor Magazine, of London, publishes the pictures herewith reproduced from plates in a sumptuous work on "electric movement in air and water," written by



ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES-PHOTOGRAPHED

Lord Armstrong. They are considered the most striking photographs of electric phenomena ever contributed to science. He uses the unimpeachable evidence of photography to furnish an answer to the question, "What is electricity?" Suffice it to state that though an immense amount of knowledge of the laws which govern electrical phenomena has been accumulated, no existing theory of the nature of electricity is completely satisfactory—there is no settled opinion as to what electricity actually is. From Lord Armstrong's photographs, however, a theory may be deduced which altogether does away with the old idea that electricity is a fluid. The pictures show the electric streams when the two opposite discharging discs were brought near to one another. The radiation from the positive disc is seen to be much the same on the outer side, but on the inner side the rays are drawn towards the negative disc and consolidate into thicker lines. The illustration also shows clearly that the discharge has different characteristics at the two poles.

It will readily be understood that the significance of the differences in the character of the electric streams under different conditions can only be fully known to scientific specialists. No technical training is necessary, however, in order to be able to appreciate the beauty of Lord Armstrong's pictures, or to realize that they will be of immense service to other investigators who are endeavoring to unravel the mysteries of electrical action.

AN ELECTRIC DISCHARGE FROM METALLIC DISK.

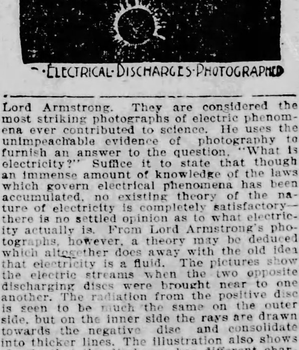
Seemed to Be On Fire.

"I suffered very much with a blood disorder. At times my skin seemed to be on fire. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised, and determined to try it. I found that it purified my blood and relieved that tired feeling. I have given it to my little girl for pain in the side and it relieved her." Dell C. Umbaugh, Nankin, Ohio.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial. All druggists. Price 25c.

A KINDERGARTNER.

In the negro building at the Nashville exposition, there is a kindergarten exhibit which has been attracting considerable attention. It is the work of the kindergarten classes in the colored schools in the city of St. Louis, and was prepared for the exposition by Miss Helene Abbott, daughter of Dr. A. R. Abbott, a



MISS HELENE ABBOTT.

well-known colored physician of Chicago. Though a native of Toronto, Ont., Miss Abbott has lived in this city with her family for several years, and is regarded as a splendid type of the new generation of colored women. At present she is employed as teacher in the public schools of St. Louis, where she is compelled to spend the greater part of the year. Her summers are spent in Chicago, however, where she shines as a bright light in the best circles of colored society.

No matter how much of a business woman a woman may be, when the little love-god makes up his mind to shoot, there is no protection against his arrow. Yet many a young woman whose affections are already engaged, hesitates to assume the obligations of wifehood and motherhood, because she feels unfitted for them by some physical weakness or disease.

The special ailments to which the feminine organism is liable, not only unfit a woman for happy wifehood and motherhood, but incapacitate her for any sphere of action. No woman can discharge the daily duties of any position with comfort or satisfaction who is constantly weighed down by headaches, backaches and dragging, weakening drains.

Troubles of this nature are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They are positively and completely cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts genuine health and strength to the womanly organs. It was devised for this one purpose by an eminent specialist in this particular field of practice.

"For several years I suffered with prolapsus of the uterus," writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 12, Rodney, Jefferson Co., Miss. "Our family physician treated me for kidney trouble, and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse. My body was emaciated, hands and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I dreaded for night to come for I would suffer with nausea all night and so I continued until some kind unknown friend sent me your book with a marked page. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' contrary to my family's wishes, and I began to improve right away. I have taken three bottles and now I am very nearly well and im very happy, and thankful to you."

"BLACK ROCKS."

How Coal Was Discovered in the Connelsville Field.

A writer in Forest and Stream says that Elias Blank, one of the early settlers of what is now the great Connellsville coal region, in Western Pennsylvania, was among the first Americans to burn soft coal. How the thing came about is thus described:

One night Mr. Blank was aroused by a rapping at his door. Opening it, he admitted a famous Indian fighter, Lewis Whetzell, and a companion, Jonathan Gates, commonly known as "Long Arms."

"Friend Lewis," said Blank, "where are thee and our friend been, and where bound?"

"I want to get out of here at once," said Whetzell, "and Long Arms is of the same opinion. This country's bewitched, and Long Arms and I are nearly scared to death."

"Friend Lewis, thee must not tell such stories to me," said old Elias. "Thee knows I am thy friend, and I have saved thee when a price was on thy head. I know thou art a man of courage, and friend Jonathan Gates, whom some call Long Arms, fears nothing on earth, and I'm fearful nothing anywhere else; and yet thou tellest me that he and thee are scared even almost unto death. Shame on thee so to declare before thy friend, who loves ye both as he were thy father!"

"No, no, Elias," said Whetzell, dropping into the Quaker speech. "I tell thee no lie. We are scared. Yesterday afternoon we were in hiding about a mile from Dunkard Creek, an' in the evening we built a fire under the bank very carefully, and we got some black rocks to prop up a little kettle, and put them beside the fire rather than in it, and the black rocks took fire and burned fiercely, with a filthy smoke and a bright light, and Long Arms said the devil would come if we stayed, and we grabbed our kettle and poured out the water, and made our way here, leaving the black rocks to burn."

Elias Blank was much interested. He did not tell Whetzell what the black rocks were, but he found out exactly where the men had made their fire, and when they went away he gave them each a new Ezra Eagle rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, with four pounds of powder and a supply of lead.

Then he hunted up their camping ground, found the "black rocks" and opened up a coal-bank into one of the river hills; and this coal-bank is still in existence in a 12-foot vein of coal that is absolutely free from slate and burns like pitch.

THE BLACK ROCKS TOOK FIRE AND BURNED.

TURNING OF THE WORM.

A Victim's Protest Against One of the Ice Man's Hold Extortions.

The driver of the ice wagon was surprised to see the occupant of the house sitting on the front doorstep as he drove up. As soon as the wagon stopped the householder was at the curbstone with his eyes fixed on the scales. The ice man paid no attention to him, but, after weighing a small chunk, started toward the house with it.

"Hold on," said the customer. "I'll take that in."

"You needn't bother."

"But I know just where to put it."

"All right. But you want to be quick, for it's a warm day, and we'll have to deliver the stuff in sponzes if we let it stay out in the sun much longer."

The customer seized the tongs and disappeared. In a little while he came out of the house, and, seating himself on the doorstep, began to whistle.

"Well? well?" shouted the ice man. "I can't stay here till next winter."

"Are you waiting for anything?" inquired the customer blandly.

"Of course, I'm waiting for something. I want my tongs."

"What tongs?"

"The tongs you just used to carry the ice in."

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I don't care to lend them."

"Well, whose tongs do you think they are?"

"Mine."

"Maybe you've gone down town unbeknown to anybody and bought out the ice comepany with all its furniture," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"No. But I bought those tongs. I pay you so much a pound for your commodity, don't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I noticed that the tongs were weighed in with the rest, and I am not going to pay for tongs at so much a pound and not get them. I have been taking ice from you for the last three months, and that makes at least 90 pairs of tongs still due me. If you have any proposition ready, to trade ice for tongs, I'm willing to listen to it."—Washington Star.

Accounted For.

Ethel—Maud has been trying to learn how to ride a bicycle for four weeks now.
Penelope—Is her instructor stupid?
Ethel—No—handsome.—Judge.

HER FAMOUS NOVEL.

The most widely discussed novel of the spring and summer is "On the Face of the Waters," written by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.

The author is an Englishwoman. When only 20 she married an Indian civilian and she thus went straight to India before a decade of years had dulled the memory or clouded the atmosphere of the Indian mutiny. Here was the inspiration of "On the Face of the Waters." It was only, she says, when the cook stayed on till he knew nearly as much as she did (and Mrs. Steel is great at cookery), and when the nursery emptied itself westward after the fashion of eastern nurseries, that she found leisure to write.

Some of her knowledge of the natives she put into a folk-lore book, some into primers for government schools. Of these she wrote three, illustrating two of them herself. Later she produced a volume of physiology, hygiene and domestic economy, which is still the local textbook.

Finally Mrs. Steel left India and went to London. It was then that she began to devote herself to literary work. She sent six stories to six magazines. All were returned, save one, and this magazine subsequently accepted all the rejected tales, among which was one that its author has been known to describe as "the best story I am ever likely to write." Since then she has burdened editors no more; the editors and publishers have come to her. Mrs. Steel regards herself

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

as a literary amateur, without technical equipment or standard of style, working to please herself. Some of her critics will depreciate such modesty.

TIT FOR TAT.

The Restaurant Waiter Played the Barber's Old Game.

"Pork and beans? Yes sir. Anything else?"

"No."

The waiter in the Madison street restaurant filled the order with alacrity.

"Did you say coffee, sir?" he asked, as he placed the pork and beans before the the hungry guest.

"No," replied the latter.

"You'll find our coffee very nice, sir."

"This bread and butter goes with the pork and beans, doesn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"And this glass of water."

"Certainly sir."

"Well, that's all I want."

"Yes, sir. Like to try a cup of our chocolate?"

"No. If I want anything else I'll call for it."

The waiter stepped back, but returned presently to ask:

"Wouldn't you like to have me bring you some of our boneless codfish? It's the best in the country "

"No."

"How about roast turkey with stuffing?"

"Don't want any."

"It's first class."

"That's all right. I don't want it."

"I think you'd like our roast beef and browned potatoes."

"Didn't you hear me say that if I wanted anything else I would call for it?"

"Yes sir."

The waiter stepped back again, but in a few moments returned to the attack.

"Excuse me for saying so, my friend, but you look as if you might need some kind of game. Suppose you try our jack-snipe on toast?"

"Great scott! Don't you reckon I know what I want?"

"Yes, sir. Our jack-snipe is fresh and good. Everybody needs to eat game once in a while. Kind o' tones up the system."

"I've told you I don't want any."

"Yes, sir. Rabbits ain't good this time of year, or we'd have some rabbit. Squabs are about as good as wild game, though. Like to try a broiled squab on toast?"

"I'd like to eat my pork and beans in peace. Bring me some more water will you?"

"Yes, sir. Shan't I bring you some iced tea?"

"Not any iced tea."

"It's very fine."

"Don't want it."

"It's good for some people. Tones up the system."

"That's all right. Bring me that water, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

He went away and returned in an incredibly short space of time.

"Here's your water," he said, "but I think you'd fine our iced coffee mighty fine."

The guest made no reply.

"Better let me bring you some iced coffee, sir."

"When I want any iced coffee or anything else I'll let you know."

"Ever try any of our stewed mushrooms?"

"No, and I don't want to try any of your stewed mushrooms, either."

"You needn't be afraid of them, sir. They're all right. We guarantee them, and there ain't and better in the United States."

"I dont——"

"Some people, you know, are afraid of mushrooms. Ours are selected with great care. The man we get our mushrooms from is an expert. He raises 'em scientifically——"

"Say, do you know you're a confounded nuisance?"

"I hope not sir. I'm only trying your own way of doing business on you."

"What do you mean?"

"You run a barber shop on State street, don't you?"

"Yes. What of that?"

"You have the chair next to the front door, I think?"

"Yes——"

"Well I went to your shop last Saturday to get a shave. You shaved me. You tried to get me to have my hair cut. You told me I ought to have a shampoo. You said my hair needed singeing. You wanted to know if I hadn't better have some tonic or bay rum. You wanted to sell me a special shaving mug and brush. You bored me every minute you were shaving me, and I said to myself that if I ever got a chance at you I'd even up things. I didn't expect you quite so soon, though. Say, we're about even, ain't we?"

"We'll be a little more than even when I tell your bosses about your dog-goned impudence——"

"I guess you won't do that. There's a dozen of us that get shaved at your shop. You go to making any trouble and you'll lose the lot of us. You'd better take your medicine like a little—going, are you. Well, come again. Treat you all right next time."—Chicago Tribune.

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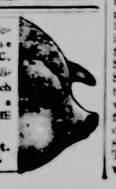

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The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Annoyance From Flies.

A. A. A., Pennsylvania: There is no certain remedy to keep flies from annoying cattle, as any application to the hair soon wears off. A strong solution of the green bark of the common elder. An infusion of quassia chips keeps flies away. This may not be strong, as the water soon becomes very bitter. When gadflies are numerous, clean the parts from all loose hair and apply a decoction of tobacco, or carbolic acid, in the proportion of 1 of the former to 50 of the latter. For poisoned bites, use 1 part of carbolic acid in 20 parts of sweet oil. To prevent the attacks of buffalo gnats, use lard and tar in the proportion of 2 parts of the former to 1 of the latter. When cattle are kept in stable, it should have fine door and window screens.

What Causes Bloody Milk?

Mrs. C. C. L., R. Mills: Bloody milk may be the result of blows, the cow's udder striking a hard substance, or when she lies down, carcasses of rich food, tumors in the udder, induration of the glands and other causes. As the treatment varies in different cases, it will be safe for you to give 1 lb. of Epsom salts in three pints of warm water, and after this operates, 1 oz. saltpetre every day for about five days. If the udder is hard in any part, bathe it with hot water, and rub the hardened part with a mixture of 4 ozs. glycerine and 1 drachm iodide of potassium, well mixed. This should be kneaded into the udder by gentle hand friction. The cow must be milked three times a day, until entire recovery has been reached.

Swelling on Horse's Knee.

E. W., Wisconsin: For the induration left after a barb-wire cut. The swelling of which you speak may be reduced by using iodine ½ oz., soap liniment 6 ozs. This may be worked in by gentle friction with the fingers. In case of cuts, by barb-wire, where the part has been healed, if a tendon be touched when cut, swelling is likely to occur for some time afterward the animal is worked.

Crimson Clover.

C. M. B., Indiana: Crimson clover is an annual, with deep crimson or scarlet blossoms. It ripens a crop of seed about the first week in June, from sowings made during the preceding July, August or September. Crimson clover interferes with no other crop. May be grown on soils too light to sustain a scanty vegetation, produces a heavier crop than red clover, and is an excellent improver of worn out soils. It may be seeded in April as a substitute for red clover that has been winter killed. It is a rank grower and stools largely, one end often producing 125 or more blossoms. It attains a height of two feet and in loose soil will send roots

Talmage's Sermon.

THE HILL OF LIFE.

Is It Really Worth Climbing? is the Question.

Washington, Sept. 13.—In this sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses a subject vital to all and never more timely than now, when the struggle for power, position, wealth, and happiness is so absorbing. The text is James iv., 14: "What Is Your Life?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon, in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "Mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the thirties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles' climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are 40 miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and ingubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter rightly and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blew from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, It all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting, fail far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly aproval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and dirt, and malediction gradually fill up, hogshead above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about mid-summer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked, and submerged, and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet, there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their pictures by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament. God gave me that. But here I am, in the evening of the nineteenth century, at 20 years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are the telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

Here is a world which after 6,000 years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, and a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at 20 years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence.

Now I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe all wise and all benefi cent, who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of his son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal. God help me! Here, I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it, God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough. hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain but is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence to the legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening senates and he makes a plea for the down trodden, and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

"But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farm house to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask you to look around the vaseket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune, until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went in the front line, with both hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my liebe mutter"—major generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi theatre in London offered her a hundred dollars a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you to-day. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah, my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all our souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity."

God Was Enough for Her.

A little Atlanta girl had been told by her mother that God was always watching her—that He followed her wherever she went. This made a deep impression on her, and one day, when she was walking on the street, and a large dog that followed her some distance, she stopped, and stamping her foot, said angrily:

"Go away, sir! It's enough to have God following me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Foul.

"Oh! Mr. Jinggler," chirped the little landlady to her poetical boarder, "your poem entitled 'Sigh no More' is beautiful. I am sure it will touch a tender spot in every breast."

And then the patient boarder who had volunteered to do the carving was mean enough to remark:

"Not this chicken."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility,

and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses; the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saidt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."—Miss Mary E. Saidt, Jobstown, N. J.

FOR REGULAR SOLDIERS

SPLENDID HOME ON THE HEIGHTS NEAR WASHINGTON CITY.

History of the Asylum Founded by Gen. Winfield Scott—Interesting Facts Concerning the Inmates.

On one of the highest of the many little hills which help to beautify the 500 acres that go to make up the soldiers' home at Washington stands a heroic statue of Major General Winfield Scott. Old soldiers, and young ones, too, are apt to pause here and gaze reverently up at the big bronze face that is looking out over the capital where the broad Potomac is creeping away toward the sea, for this great general was the founder of the home. As early as 1829 a report was made by the committee on military affairs in Congress upon the subject of establishing an "army asylum fund." In 1844 Gen. Scott took up the cause of the soldier, but it was not until 1848, when Scott captured the capital of Mexico, that the asylum got beyond the military committee in Congress. The general sent to the secretary of war a draft for $1,000,000, a part of the tribute levied on the City of Mexico for the benefit of the army, and expressed the hope that the money might be used in the establishment of an army asylum. To this handsome grub stake was added $18,000 more remaining from the same levy, and later $54,000, an unexpended balance of an appropriation "for the benefit of discharged soldiers disabled by wounds." The act

THE EAGLE GATE.

establishing the home provided for a perpetual revenue, "stoppage and fines adjudged against soldiers by sentence of court-martial," "forfeitures on account of desertion," a certain portion of the hospital and post fund of each station, moneys belonging to estates of deceased soldiers and unclaimed for three years, and also for the deduction of 25 cents per month, with the consent of the soldier, from the pay of each enlisted man.

Most Popular Drive in Washington.

In 1859 an act of Congress changed the name from "Military Asylum" to "Soldiers' Home," reduced the soldiers' contribution (still with the consent of the contributor) to 12½ cents per month, and extended the benefits of the home to the soldiers of the war of 1812.

The grounds include 500 acres rolling away toward the Potomac. There are small, well-kept forests of rare trees and large, unkept forests of wildwood, where autumn leaves drift with the winds and dead twigs are allowed to lie where they fall. There are splendid buildings and miniature lakes, little rolling meadows and small gardens, and winding through it all 10 miles of good, smooth road, affording one of the pleasantest and most popular drives about the capital.

Here, in the old homestead building, which has been named for Gen. Anderson, one of the early advocates of the home, President Buchanan spent his summers. It was also the summer residence of President Lincoln in 1861-64, and in the house of the deputy governor the bed that Lincoln slept in is still in use. President Hayes spent four summers here, and President Arthur two. Anderson, Scott, Sherman and Sheridan are among the generals for whom buildings have been named, and the splendid white marble library building will help to perpetuate the name of another illustrious warrior. The principal building for inmates is also white marble, of Norman gothic design, 251½ feet long, by 158½ feet wide; has a clock tower, and will accommodate 440 inmates, besides affording rooms for offices, library, mess room, etc. There are now five sets of inmates' quarters, accommodating, with the hospital, 800 or more honorably discharged soldiers of the army. Of the 1,000 inmates now on the rolls only 700 are within the home. All over the country there are little firesides that are made more cheerful each month by the never failing $8 draft from the home at Washington.

Inmates Are Paid by Government.

This, it should be understood, is not an asylum for veterans of the late war, but a home solely for men who have served regularly for 20 years, or who have been wounded or have otherwise become disabled and are honorably discharged. The institution is almost entirely supported by the regular army, and the inmates, having been discharged, are all civilians.

The officers of the home are a governor, a deputy governor, a secretary and treasurer, and a medical officer detailed from the army. The strictest military discipline is maintained; every man is made to account for himself, and the result is that there is perfect order and neatness everywhere, giving the whole place a healthy, home-like air. Men who are detailed to perform light work receive 25 cents a day for their services. There is a neat chapel where Protestant and Roman Catholic services are held every Sunday. There is a very good brass and string band made up of old musicians, a good library with ample reading rooms where 33 papers and 17 periodicals are received.

The amusement room, provided with billiard and pool tables, and tables for cards, dominoes, chess and games of like character is in the basement of the main building, but it is poorly lighted, and not well ventilated, occasional dramatic entertainments are provided for from a small fund placed at the disposal of the governor, but an adequate amusement hall is greatly needed.

The place is like a big club, and it is good to watch the workings of the institution. In one corner of the billiard hall one of the inmates runs a soft-drink refreshment stand; in another corner tobacco and cigars are sold, but the tables and games are all free as free as the air, the sunlight and the walks in the native woods. There are a few cranks, of course, and some swear at the management and "kick" at the grub, but the most of them are cheerful, good-natured and contented. I have seen them pre-

THE SCOTT BUILDING.

paring the food, and it made me hungry. If the long, naked, clean-scrubbed tables were covered with cloths the great dining room would resemble a big banquet hall, where prosperous politicians eat pie and praise the political party to which they belong. The food is clean and wholesome, and there is always plenty of it to go round.

Three Dollars for Claret; $300 for Coffins.

One of the most valuable features of the home is an excellent hospital for the sick, where the best medical skill of the country is afforded by the home surgeon and his assistants. The last annual report of Dr. Forwood reveals some interesting, and at least one deplorable, facts. From this report we learn that the youngest man admitted to the hospital last year was 22 years old, the oldest 89. Thirty-five were under 30, 81 were from 60 to 70 and only two were 80 years old. During the year $3 went for claret and port and $300 for coffins. One man hanged himself and 25 had heart disease. One had melancholia, but the most disgraceful fact is revealed at the head of the column, where the statement is made that 39 men who entered the hospital were suffering from alcoholism. Even rheumatism, in all its various forms and coming from many causes, was not outdone by the gurgling destroyer, having but 31 victims to its credit.

When an inmate dies he is given a military burial, a sufficient number of men being detailed to put him away with appropriate and impressive ceremonies. Taking the report for 1894 as a basis, there is a funeral almost every week in the year. Old ones are going away and new ones are coming in. Many who are not entitled to or worthy of the benefits of the institution try to work in during the winter months, but it is hard for them to fool the watchful governor. The writer happened to be in the office one morning when the sergeant major was filing in a string of new comers. The general made only a few passes at each one, and the applicant was either admitted or rejected, for the governor always held the applicant's record in his hand while he heard his tale of woes, which did not always agree with the record. CY. WARMAN.

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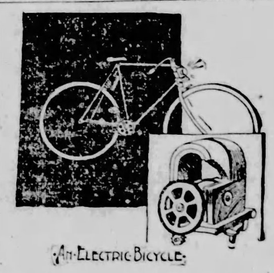
ELECTRIC BICYCLE LAMP.

F. C. Brower, of Syracuse, N. Y., has applied for a patent on a very clever device for a bicycle lamp lighted by electricity. The illustration presented herewith conveys an excellent idea of the scheme.

The power for the dynamo, which is



AN ELECTRIC BICYCLE.

fastened to the rear forks by means of a clamp, is generated by the friction of a small rubber wheel, which plays on the rear tire. The rubber wheel sets a cogwheel in motion and this furnishes the power. The dynamo is what Mr. Brower calls a mangueto dynamo. The fields are permanent, not wound like a regular dynamo, and consequently it does not require so much power to generate the current. The wires conveying the current to the lamp are strung through the tubing and are invisible. Inside an ordinary bicycle lamp Mr. Brower has arranged a small incandescent lamp of one-half candle power. The lens in the lamp magnifies it to five candle power. The dynamo generates a current for four volts, sufficient for a five candle power lamp, but Mr. Brower has found that the smaller lamp gives as strong a light as is necessary. He has had the incandescent light made especially for his lamp.

Mr. Brower has attracted considerable attention on the streets at night. Whenever he stops the lamp of course goes out. Then a dozen or more kids who have been following him for several blocks will gather around and yell:

"Mister, your light's out!"

But they are invariably mystified when they see the light shoot out after he has again started on his way. The light can be switched on or off at pleasure while the wheel is in motion. In the daytime the power generated for the lamp is used for a small electric bell, which is fastened on the rear of the frame. All that he has to do is to press a button on the handle bar and the bell will whizz and whir as long as he presses the button and keeps the wheel a-going.

No Background.

"Every man needs a wife to brighten up the place."

"Yes, but suppose he hasn't any place."—Chicago Record.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

SUBSTITUTION

the FRAUD of the day.

See you get Carter's.

Ask for Carter's.

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill.

Take no other,

Even if

Solicited to do so.

Beware of imitations of Same Color Wrapper.

RED.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 13, SEPTEMBER 26, 1897.

Titles and Golden Texts.

Golden Text for the Quarter: We are laborers together with God.—1 Cor. iii:9.

1.—FIRST CONVERTS IN EUROPE.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.—Psa. cxix:130.

2.—PAUL AND THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—Acts xvi:31.

3.—PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREA.

They received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the scriptures daily.—Acts xvii:11.

4.—PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John iv:24.

5.—PAUL'S MINISTRY IN CORINTH.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. iii:11.

6.—WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John xiv:3.

7.—ABSTAINING FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

For none of us liveth to himself.—Rom. xiv:7.

8.—THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—I Cor. xiii:13.

9.—PAUL OPPOSED AT EPHESUS.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness.—Luke xii:15.

10.—GENTILES GIVING FOR JEWISH CHRISTIANS.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2Cor. viii:9.

11.—CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. xii:21.

12.—PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx:35.

13.—REVIEW.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. v:16.

Review Hints for the Intermediate Teacher.

Taking our Golden Text as the theme for our quarterly review, it will be evident that no other symbol could be more appropriate for the blackboard than a pictured light-house, and some scholar may draw one. Early one Sunday morning last year a teacher went early to her class-room, and was happily surprised to find on the blackboard a well-drawn picture of a rocky shore and a lighthouse. One scholar sat in his usual place—a quiet boy, who had never shown much interest in his class. "I wonder who did this?" she exclaimed, when she saw something in the boy's face which showed that he was the artist. "It seemed to me it suited my lesson," said the scholar, "so I came early to draw it." The boy's talent was known by his schoolmates, and from that time the delight of the teacher was equaled by the interest of the scholar, who became earnest and helpful. It is well if the Sunday school teacher can be in touch with every day attainments of pupils, making added bonds of sympathy between home and Sunday school. Perhaps for this review symbol scholars might suggest some historic or well known lighthouse or the teacher show a picture, the outline to be traced on the blackboard. Build as you proceed, the solid foundation, bearing the words, "Let your light so shine." One square stone may be added upon another, each stone bearing one word, or attribute, from the consecutive lessons upon Paul, whose character has ever been one of the beacon-lights for Christian life and service. By questioning, recall from the class the lessons in their order, thus answering the question, "How did Paul let his light shine?"

By Obedience.—Did Paul ever waver when he knew his duty? What was the call he heard when he saw a vision in the night at Troas? Where did he go at once? With whom was the river side prayer-meeting?

Cheerful Endurance.—Where were Paul and Silas put in prison with their feet in the stocks? What were they doing at midnight? Have the scene described.

Patient Continuance.—When Paul was driven out of any city, was he discouraged? When turned away from Thessalonica, where did he go? What people did he find "more noble"? In what way?

Wisdom Among Philosophers.—How did Paul, in Athens, teach of the God unknown to the worldly wise?

Industrious Service.—What was Paul's trade? With whom did he work day by day in Corinth? Did he teach and preach any less while he earned his living by tent-making?

Working and Waiting fr Christ.—Paul was not only a teacher, but an example. He taught others, and by his life and written words, gave advice and comfort. What promise did he give "concerning them which are asleep"? Like what did he say the day of the Lord will come?

Unselfish, Temperate—To whom did Paul write, "none of us liveth to himself?" How did Paul warn against being "a stumbling block?" What did Paul say which proved him self-denying, lest he should make a brother to offend?

Sincere Love.—Was Paul's life all consistent with the love chapter he wrote to the Corinthians? In all his life do you find faith, hope and love? Can you give instances of each grace?

Courage, Bravery.—In what city did Paul preach and labor for three years? What influence had Paul's preaching upon the worship of Diana? How was trade affected? Against whom was the mob gathered? Was Paul afraid in any of from which he was driven out? Was he just as ready to preach somewhere else?

Benevolence.—When Paul urged regular Christian benevolence, what example did he give of One who "was rich" and "became poor?" Was Paul benevolent? He gave time, strength, care, and divided his small earnings. When he asked each one to contribute for these, what kind of givers did he say God loves?

Humility; a Fervent Spirit.—Paul put in actions as well as in words the true principles of Christian living—honesty, lowliness of mind, a fervent spirit, sympathy with joy or sorrow. Can you repeat some of the precepts Paul gave to help others let their light shine?

Devotion to Friends.—Paul was sincere, a genuine friend. How truly he loved those he called "beloved" and "fellow workers." Read his letters, and find the expressions and messages of love. In his parting words to the elders do you see his earnest love that made him toil for them, and pray for blessing in years to come? Sum up these attributes of Paul, and show that all combined to make him as he was chosen to be "a light of the Gentiles," in whose clear shining we may see our duty. There are other familiar characters from whose story we know that, by Paul's labors, they too became light bearers and examples.

Lydia, with her open heart and will, come to the apostles, the first-fruits of Paul's labors in Europe.

The jailer, accepting Christ, bringing his household with him, rejoicing in new found faith and deeds of compassion.

Bereans, readily receiving the truth, daily taking in the word which giveth light.

One Woman and a few men in Athens, who believed in the true God Paul made known to them.

Justus and Crispus, one opened his house for worship, the other, a chief ruler, believed with all his house, and helped other Corinthians to do the same.

Cheerful Givers.—They learned the blessed way of pleasing God by helping others with Christian liberality.

The Ephesian Elders.—Their affection for the faithful apostle was shown by their grief at parting, obedience to his counsels, the continuance of the church, their "works, their labor, and their patience."

How Can You Let Your Light Sine?—On Armish Rock, in the Hebrides, Scotland, is a remarkable lighthouse, from which, every night, a bright light shines to guide fishermen safely across the water. But the structure has no burning lamp in the high lantern, no keeper, no oil, no wick, no flame. On the island of Lewis, across a channel, 500 feet away, is a lighthouse sending out a stream of light which is thrown on a mirror in the lantern high up on Armish Rock. "These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are conveyed to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge." Can Christians so mirror the path of the right-eous "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day?" Paul reflected Christ in his life. What have you learned from Paul that you can reflect day by day?—Faith Lattimer in Sunday School Times.

AN INDIANA WIDOW.

Mrs. Adelaide E. Sherry, of West Point, Ind., is the owner and manager of one of the largest farms in the Hoosier state. She is a young widow of versatile capabilities. Her farm of 1,000 acres lies ten miles south of Lafayette and nine miles north of the celebrated Baden Baden springs. Two hundred walnut trees of fifty years' growth rise from a lawn of four acres surrounding the handsome buildings, giving the

MRS. ADELAIDE E. SHERRY.

estate its name, Walnut lodge. Mrs. Sherry hires and directs her large corps of assistants, indoors and out, entertains generously, drives over the estate daily, buys pigs and calves, ships Percheron horses to Germany, cattle and hogs to Chicago, cribs annually an average of 10,000 bushels of corn, travels extensively and writes for publication. Mrs. Sherry has lately returned from a sojourn in the holy land, and, "after busking done," she purposes investigating occult philosophy among the Mahatmas in their mountain abodes in India.

Business is Brisk.

A Kansas man was talking of that state yesterday and the "good times" there.

"Business brisk, is it?" he was asked.

"Well, it's pretty lively," he replied—"at least in my town."

"What business are you in?"

"Well, he replied, hesitatingly, "my wife is chief of police, and I'm on the force!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Professional Courtesy.

"If I should be obliged to go," said the Spanish general, "I will do what I can to facilitate business for my successor."

"And you want me to give him some information?" asked the officer.

"Yes. Tell him where are a fountain-pen and a book of synonyms in the upper drawer of my desk."—Washington Star.

An Honest Niggah.

"No, sah, you doan catch dis yer darky libben in a town whar dar's no other colored folks."

"Why so, Uncle Ben?"

"'Cause when dar's any chickens stole dey knows right whar to cum."—Ohio State Journal.

Candidly.

Diner (smiling)—Waiter, I really think this egg is not fresh!

Waiter—Yes, I can't answer for it; I've only been here a week.—New York World.

More Professional.

The Count—I haf made to you daughter a—what you call it—proposition—proposal.

Father—H'm. I think proposition sounds more like business.—Brooklyn Life.

GIVES STRENGTH TO MEN

FREE TO ALL WHO ARE WEAK AND WORN.

A Method to Cure and Increase the Power.

It is a remarkable fact that a man never appreciates the sufferings of others until he himself has passed through the fire of pain or remorse. Then it is that he looks around for those who are suffering the same as them to profit by his experience. he gives his time and money gladly for the benefit of others, and never tires of his zeal. There are plenty of men weak and worn out, struggling with remorse and fear, the natural outcome of habits that brought incapacity, a sense of lonesomeness and a feeling as if life be no use, life had been banished forever. Such men should write to Thomas Slater, Box 2146, Kalamazoo, Mich. He will send free by mail, in a plain, sealed envelope full particulars about the method he used, and this is probable any man to get a complete cure at home. It is the method that Mr. Slater used to cure himself of the troubles that sap the strength and vigor and also enlarged his organs to natural size. The cure was so complete, so satisfying, and such a wonderful change from his former condition that he will gladly tell others all about it, sending all particulars. He figures that he doesn't know of a better way to show his appreciation of his own cure and the sufferings of others. There must be generous men in this world to offset the vice of avarice. Write to Mr. Slater—it will cost nothing for his description and method.

WEAK MEN

If suffering from lost manhood, nervous debility, lack of vigor, emissions or effects of self-abuse send this notice to us with stamps for postage and packing and we will send you

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Specially prepared to suit your individual case. It costs you nothing to try our remedies. We send treatment free to prove we can cure you. No peddler, solicitor or C. O. D. fraud. Address in confidence PHYSICIAN INSTITUTE, 1233 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

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Patents PATTISON & NESBIT Wash., D.C. Advice as to patentability and Inventor's Guide free. Mention BLADE.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 114,000

OUR PREMIUM FOR SEPTEMBER.

To all of our subscribers whose time expires in SEPTEMBER we have sent a special and very desirable proposition for renewing one year. Also a proposition for sending us a small club of yearly subscribers if they are so inclined. In either case the order must be sent us before October 1st, and in case of the proposition for clubs, a very fine oil painting will be sent October 1st to the one who happens to send us the largest club this month. It must not be presumed that it will take a monstrous club to win the painting. The August painting was awarded to a club of 44. Any September subscriber who has not received our proposition will please write us for a duplicate.

THE M'LEAN GAME.

There has been much wonderment over the deadlock in the miners' national convention in Columbus. To one who kept himself informed of the strike situation, and understood that the leaders were in favor of the 65-cent compromise, leaving certain other matters to future arbitration, it appeared inexplicable that prompt action should not be taken.

Now the story comes from Columbus that the McLean influence is working quietly but energetically to keep the strike going. The silver Democracy is a party which can only thrive on the distress and misfortunes of the people, and its managers appear to be striving to perpetuate these conditions among the coal miners.

The point is, that the McLean crowd fear that if the 65-cent rate be accepted, Mr. Hanna would receive credit for suggesting the compromise. Sooner than have the Senator receive any praise for his sincere efforts to settle the difficulty, the silver gang would rather see the strike continue, and the wives and children of the miners suffer and even starve.

Why has not Chapman, the Popocratic candidate for governor, tried to aid in a settlement? What has he said or done, since his nomination, looking to a solution of the difficulty? It has been increasingly evident for some time that the full demands of the strikers would not and could not be granted. In point of fact, this has been clear ever since the effort to make the strike universal failed. So long as the West Virginia and many of the Pennsylvania mines are working, the miners refusing to join the movement, the granting of the 69-cent rate has been a business impossibility.

Mr. Chapman is an operator, and knows this. But he has made no move looking to a compromise. He has not urged that a common sense view of the matter be taken, and a settlement be reached on terms that might be agreed upon. And McLean appears to be pulling the wires to prevent a settlement, fearing that Mr. Hanna might get some credit for making the proposition! One thing is certain—that McLean will lose among intelligent workingmen all over the state. Telegrams from labor leaders in other occupations poured into Columbus yesterday urging the adoption of the 65-cent rate. The McLean scheme will not profit him.

TO THE NORTH POLE.

The "secret of the pole" will probably be wrested from the Arctic ice-king before the end of the century—which is only three years distant. No less than three expeditions are getting ready to move into the eternal snows of the polar zone, and it may reasonably be expected that one or all of them shall reach the goal of their ambition, and find the North Pole.

Arctic exploration is now much safer than it ever was before. Expedition after expedition has pushed the line of discovery nearer and nearer the pole, and the distance yet to be explored is but short compared with what it was fifty years ago. When a given point has once been gained, it is but little trouble for succeeding explorers to reach it again, and make it the starting point for a further forward movement.

Aside from the increased knowledge of Arctic conditions gained by exploration, with the advantages it gives, the difficulty of carrying subsistence has been much lessened by the great advances made in the methods of preparing condensed foods. The less weight to be carried, the farther an expedition can go. And the distance is now so short that it will be a wonder if the pole is not reached by next year's explorers, even if Andree has failed in his hazardous attempt by balloon.

CONCERNING TEA.

For several years past the tendency to import the very lowest grades of tea increased very rapidly. A year ago, two-thirds of the total amount imported into the United States was this low-grade trash, which cost the importers 15 cents a pound and sold at 25 cents and under. It was not fit to drink, but the people bought it because it was cheap, unmindful of the quality.

Congress took hold of the matter and passed a law prohibiting the importation of this low-grade stuff. The result has been that the sale of the better grades has largely increased, while their price has not been higher. People who now drink tea are assured of a healthful article, for every chest is inspected before it is allowed to be sold. The new law is being rigidly enforced at the four tea importing ports—New York, San Francisco, Tacoma, and Chicago—and just now the new crop and the finest tea ever imported into the United States is coming forward.

Bryan's recent admission that the price of wheat is regulated by supply and demand would have killed the free silver cause a year ago if he had then made it.

IMMIGRATION INCREASING.

The advent of good times has been followed promptly, as is always the case, by a rapid increase in immigration from Europe. No matter what Mr. Bryan may say, the foreigners who are seeking to better their condition understand the situation here, and as soon as the chances for bettering their condition are greater on this side of the Atlantic than in Europe, the tide of immigration begins to set westward. Here is the account of a New York paper as to the arrivals on Wednesday of last week:

Yesterday was the busiest day at the barge office since the immigration bureau had to vacate Ellis Island and find quarters at the battery. Four ships brought 1,477 steerage passengers, and the facilities of the bureau were taxed to the limit.

The detention pen was jammed until there was not room to step or stir, and the miserable crowd sweltered. Yesterday's crowd couldn't be handled at once, and barges with immigrants were tied up at the wharf while the heavy lines in the building were disposed of.

While the immigration bureau is supposed to prevent any immigrants entering the country without satisfying the requirements of the law, yesterday's crowd showed that facilities were lacking, and that if any one had been disposed to start uptown there was little to hinder him.

This is a condition which needs the attention of Congress. The population of the United States has increased several millions since the census of 1890. The labor conditions are such that we need no addition to the unskilled labor already here, and the foreigners now coming are of this class.

The above extract shows that the restrictions of the present immigration law are not stringent enough to check the inpour of this class. The law needs amendment. Secretary Pearce, of the United Mine Workers, speaking of the strike recently, said that the stopping of immigration of unskilled laborers is the first necessary step in remedying the labor troubles of this country.

If the leaders of organized labor in the United States will take hold of this matter in earnest, they can secure from Congress at its coming session the enactment of a law which will keep the labor market from becoming glutted constantly with undesirable and undesired foreigners. Let us see if they have the foresight and energy to take the subject up in earnest.

A PEACE AGREEMENT.

The long drawn out peace negotiations among the six powers and Turkey have at last reached a stage which promises their speedy termination. The main obstacle to an earlier settlement has been the refusal of Turkey to evacuate Thessaly until the indemnity demanded of Greece should be paid. The Turk covets the fertile Thessalian plains, and urged that, as Greece is poor, without resources or prospects, to get out of Thessaly would probably put him in the position of being unable to enforce payment.

Lord Salisbury, to his credit be it said, refused his assent to the occupation of Thessaly, even threatening to withdraw from the concert of the powers if the point was insisted upon. His proposition was the creation of an international commission to manage the finances of Greece until the indemnity is paid. This did not meet the full approval of the other powers and the diplomatic debate has gone on until at last a proposition is advanced by Salisbury which will probably be accepted.

This provides for the constitution of an international commission representing the powers, under whose control Greece shall place the revenues, guaranteeing the interest to the holders of old bonds and the indemnity loan, to be followed by the prompt evacuation of Thessaly by the Turks. That is, all the creditors of Greece, old and new, are to have their interests protected by the commission, instead of Turkey alone. Greece must pay, and the Turks must evacuate Thessaly. So Salisbury makes his point finally, and he deserves credit for his sturdy insistence on it.

DROPPING THE SILVER ISSUE.

The element of unrest in our politics exhibits plain symptoms of abandoning the free silver idea. We infer this from the speech made at Philadelphia by ex-Gov. Altgeld. He is without doubt the leading exponent of the political gospel of discontent and unreason. He drafted the Chicago Popocratic platform, and really was the moving spirit, not only of that convention, but of the Popocratic campaign last year. He dictated its issues, and prepared the plan of battle.

When he, therefore, in a public utterance addressed entirely to workingmen, passes over the silver issue, the vital one of last year's campaign, and devotes himself to the discussion of other alleged grievances, it is fair to assume that the smaller fry of the Adullamite political faith will rapidly follow in the path he has marked out. His especial object of attack was what he calls corporate monopoly, and its influence on politics and business.

This is a wide subject, one which is not well understood by the masses of the people, and therefore, one which affords an easy field for agitators of the Altgeld stripe to carry on a one-sided discussion among the people. It will be difficult, however, to swing the issue as quickly as Altgeld evidently would be glad to have it done. It took years of persistent agitation to create the wave of free silver enthusiasm, and it will take a year or two, perhaps more, for the masses to let go of this fallacy, after the long instruction they have had therein.

The United States Car company at Anniston, Ala., has resumed work, to supply the sudden demand for cars. The Washington woolen mills at Fredericksburg, Va., have just increased the wages of their employes 10 per cent, and that voluntarily. Last year these mills were idle for lack of orders. Who says prosperity is confined to the farmers?

The Brooklyn Eagle says "Bryan is beginning to think." Here is a paper which has hit upon the greatest scoop of the year, if it can prove the correctness of its assertion.

Pennsylvania Republicans are predicting 300,000 majority this fall. Ohio won't give that large a majority numerically, but it will be ample for all practical purposes.

There has not been such activity among the railways as at present for the past seven years. As a result, there is a general resumption of car-building all over the country.

Note that the two-minute pacer made his advent under the McKinley administration. "It is better to be lucky" than anything else.

Emperor William's idea is that he rules by direct command of God. But he will find before long that the German people have a word or two to say about it.

Now they have discovered the yellow metal down in Patagonia. Gold and cold go together, apparently.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

The prediction that the Azcarraga ministry will soon fall, and Sagasta be called upon to form a Liberal ministry for Spain, is of more interest to the United States than European cabinet-changes usually are. It gives ground for the hope among many that the change will facilitate the mission regarding Cuba with which Minister Woodford is charged.

What his instructions are remains a state secret. All we know is that they concern Cuba, and have for their end the restoration of peace to that unfortunate island. But the situation in Cuba certainly is that no proposals for peace, unless through the recognition of Cuban independence, will be considered by the revolutionists. Furthermore, no Spanish ministry, Liberal or conservative, would dare to propose the acknowledgment of the independence of the island. Irrespective of politics, the Spanish people are an unit in the determination to subdue the revolution by armed force as the pre-requisite to any arrangement for its future government.

If the United States government desires to stop the Cuban war, it must interfere by force of arms. Spanish pride would sooner go to war with us and lose Cuba by conquest rather than let the revolution succeed. The change in the Spanish ministry, if it comes, will not mean any change in the Spanish policy toward the island.

The conviction is growing at Washington that Congress will be called upon, early in its session, to take up the question of an intervention in the affairs of Cuba. It is less than ninety days until the winter session begins, and it is believed that President McKinley's message will deal with Cuban affairs in a strong and straightforward way. Spain has had two years and a half in which to bring the island into subjection, and she is no nearer its accomplishment, apparently, than when she began. It is time that the great republic should drop its do-nothing policy, and put a stop to the infernal outrages and atrocities of Spanish rule in that unfortunate island.

FORAKER AND HANNA.

The campaign opening at Burton Saturday afternoon awakened more general interest than the big meetings held at Newark and Washington C. H. This was true because two of the speakers at the Burton meeting are Ohio's Senators, Foraker and Hanna, and the country is always anxious to hear what they may have to say.

Foraker's speech was a masterpiece. His speeches always are. He stands by his guns, and the enemy must expect to confront solid shot. At all times Mr. Foraker is a Republican and he is always for the ticket. His speech at Burton shows why every Republican in Ohio should vote for every Republican candidate from governor down.

His eulogy of the state and national administrations was as eloquent and forceful as it was deserved. His tribute to his colleague, Senator Hanna, disproved Democratic assertions of any coolness between these two men. Mr. Foraker is for Hanna's return to the Senate with all the intensity of his nature. Senator Hanna was equally frank in saying kind words of Senator Foraker. These men simply spoke the truth, and they did so publicly and without reserve.

If the Democratic press has an atom of fairness in its make-up it will cease its efforts in attempting to show that there is anything but the kindliest feelings between the two Senators. But it may be expected that this Democratic mud-slinging will continue. It is Democracy's only stock in trade.

BEET SUGAR AND THE TRUST.

The farmers of the United States have it in their power to overthrow the Sugar Trust, and at the same time put money into their own pockets.

Chairman Dingley says the sure way to destroy the trust is to establish a beet sugar factory in every Congressional district.

It will not be difficult to enlist local capital in such an enterprise, if it is demonstrated that the soil in that locality is adapted to the sugar beet's growth, and if the farmers will agree to raise enough beets to keep the factory busy.

At a beet sugar growers' convention held in Rome, N. Y., not long ago, it was demonstrated that any farmer who has the proper soil can make from $20 to $30 per acre by their cultivation.

That is certainly inducement enough for any wide-awake farmer to engage in the business. Let enough farmers in a given locality agree to cultivate each a given area in beets every year, and it will not be hard to secure the erection of a factory at some convenient point.

With such factories in operation all over the sugar beet area of the United States, the Sugar Trust would be absolutely powerless. Mr. Dingley's advice is excellent, and we urge upon the farmers that they can not possibly do better than to act upon it.

YELLOW FEVER.

The outbreak of yellow fever at Ocean Spring, Biloxi and New Orleans is of a mild type, but the authorities have gone actively to work to prevent its possible spread. As it is late in the season, there is every reason to believe the disease will be stamped out very speedily.

The announcement of its presence within the United States has not created the widespread consternation such tidings would have caused a few years ago. Sanitary science has made vast strides in this closing decade of the nineteenth century, and the art of medicine has kept step with it in methods of combating not only yellow fever, but all other diseases of the kind.

There is no doubt the efforts of the authorities will keep the disease well within bounds until cool weather. The first frost kills the yellow fever microbe, and it will not be long until nature comes to the aid of the quarantine and the sanitary officials, and nothing like an old-time epidemic need be feared.

The devotion of President Cleveland's administration to civil service reform was most marked in the Treasury Department where more than 1,700 Republican clerks were dismissed to make way for Democrats. That is a sample of civil service reform as practiced by politicians.

Manufactories are starting up in all the cities and larger towns. Better times are here for the workingmen as well as for the farmers, and yet the value of the bullion in a silver dollar is but 38½ cents.

It may be that Klondike gold contains impurities, which make it worth $2 less an ounce than the California product, but still it is highly profitable stuff to pick up off the ground.

BRYAN CROSSES HIMSELF.

The advance in prices, not only of wheat, but of all other commodities, coupled with a decline in silver, has dealt a crushing blow to the main contention of Bryan and the silver crowd—that the prices of silver and all other products are "indissolubly linked," and that, as silver falls, all other prices fall. The proof of the falsity of this is plain to everybody. But Mr. Bryan rushes into print with a long statement, demagogic and insincere to the last degree, attempting to explain things.

Unfortunately for the cause he upholds, he crosses his former statements time and again. For instance, he abandons the theory that the price of silver and of other products are indissolubly linked, and admits the fact, contended for by the sound money men last year, that the prices of commodities depends upon the relation of supply and demand. He says: "The American wheat grower is just now profiting by the almost unprecedented disaster which has overtaken the wheat growers of India, Europe and South America," and adds: "If the Republicans desire to claim credit for the high price of the wheat they must assume responsibility for the famine in India."

Right there Mr. Bryan shows his demagogy. He knows that the Republican party does not claim that any legislative or other act increased the price of wheat. It stands where it has always stood on this point—that the prices of farm products depend entirely on demand as related to supply, and not on the price of silver. Mr. Bryan now admits the truth of this, but tries his favorite trick of creating a dilemma for his opponents. In this case he fails utterly.

But, in admitting the truth of the Republican position, Mr. Bryan gives the lie to many of his former statements. When he was in Congress, on February 9, 1893, he made a speech in which, while discussing the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law, he said: "It means a reduction in the price of our wheat and our cotton." In a later speech, on August 16, he declared: "As silver goes down, our prices fall." And, on November 3, of the same year, in another speech against the repeal of the silver purchasing clause, he quoted the prices of wheat, etc., at different dates, and then said:

> From the statement given it will appear that wheat has fallen more than 14 cents a bushel since the beginning of the month in which President Cleveland issued his call for the extra session.
>
> The wheat crop for 1892 was about 500,000,000 bushels. A fall of one cent in price means a loss of $5,000,000 on the crop. If those figures can be taken for this year's crop. Calculated upon December wheat the loss since June 1 has been over $70,000,000, or one-sixth of its value at the beginning of the decline.
>
> The fall of 2 cents on yesterday alone, after the repeal bill passed the Senate and its immediate passage in the House was assured, amounted to $10,000,000. The fall yesterday in wheat, corn and oats, calculated upon a year's crop, amounted to more than $17,000,000.
>
> Are these the first fruits of repeal? Wall street was terribly agitated at the prospect of a slight reduction in the gold reserve. Will they take notice of this terrible reduction in the farmers' reserve?

Mr. Bryan abandons that position now. He tacitly admits it is untenable. In 1893, he had nothing to say of demand and supply. His argument was that for the government to stop buying pig silver would be to reduce the prices of wheat, corn and oats. He would admit no factor in making prices except silver. Now he abandons that position, and endeavors to claim that the rise in wheat will help the free silver fad. Poor Bryan! The irresistible logic of facts has driven him into the desert.

MR. SHUMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

James Shuman is a farmer living near Anderson, Ind. Mr. Shuman was last year a mossback in politics. He heard Bryan speak, and believed that individual when he declared that if McKinley were elected and free silver defeated, the price of wheat would fall much lower than it was at that time.

Mr. Shuman pondered over this statement, in which he put full faith. Then it occurred to him that he might fool some ardent Republican by selling his coming wheat crop. He started out to find a buyer, and did so. He contracted to sell his entire wheat crop of this year at 58 cents a bushel, and hugged himself for his shrewdness and good luck when the bargain was made.

But Mr. Shuman laughed on the other side of his face when the dealer held him to his bargain, and paid him 58 cents a bushel for the 500 bushels of wheat he threshed out recently. His neighbors who sold at the same time received $1 per bushel, and Mr. Shuman naturally felt much chagrined at losing $210 by believing the statement of the blatant Bryan.

Mr. Shuman pondered over the loss, and the more he thought about it the madder he grew. So he went to Anderson, and consulted a lawyer, with the purpose of bringing suit against Bryan and recovering the $210 by way of damages. And he was greatly disappointed when the lawyer informed him that damages could not be recovered under the circumstances.

Mr. Shuman therefore announces that he will no longer vote the Democratic ticket nor support the free silver lunacy. His error has cost him $210 in cash; but he can console himself with the fact that he is not alone. The free silver agitation has entailed a loss of hundreds of millions on the people of this country; and the worst of it is that we have all had to bear it, whether we believed in sound money or free silver. Mr. Shuman's loss was direct, that of others indirect; that is the only distinction.

The Luetgert case promises to be a notable one in the annals of expert testimony. Even the presence or absence of the corpus delicti will have to be determined by the experts' testimony as to the character of some small bits of bone, the slush in the bottom of a vat, and the scrapings of a knife blade.

Oh, these Democrats who pretend to be great leaders of the common people are demagogues. Bryan rides on a pass in a parlor car; Jerry Simpson wears silk stockings and attends champagne dinners given by Tom Johnson, and now Ben Tillman has been riding in a tally-ho up in New York state.

Gen. Grosvenor made one excellent point in his Saturday speech, when he said there is no state issue in Ohio, as Gov. Bushnell's administration is above criticism. The truth of the observation gives it point.

The most important political result of the advance in the price of wheat is that it has forced the silverites to acknowledge the immutability of the law of supply and demand in fixing prices.

Let us not only hope that the miners' strike is settled but that indiscreet deputies may be relieved of their loaded Winchesters.

THE DINGLEY LAW.

Send In Your Orders for the Blade Tariff Extra. Only FOUR Cents!

We have just printed the complete Dingley tariff law, in the form of a Blade extra.

It makes four pages, the size of those of this paper. It is set up from an official copy of the law, just received from Washington.

We will mail one copy for FOUR cents. You can send TWO 2-cent stamps; or, we will send four copies for 10 cents.

Send in your orders at once!

Please be sure, in writing to us, to say that you want a copy of "the Dingley tariff law," to write your name clearly, and to give your postoffice, county and state.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

Prof. E. B. Andrews has decided not to withdraw his resignation of the presidency of Brown university, though requested to do so by the trustees. Now let him drop into innocuous dessuetude.

The Ohio gold Democrats are not ashamed of their Senatorial candidate. They named him openly. The silver Democrats did not dare endorse their candidate openly.

Proprietors of summer resort hotels probably are thinking bad language, if not expressing it, over this hot September weather after they have closed for the season.

The Republican campaign in Ohio is now formally on. Democrats will receive no mercy until the final drubbing at the polls.

This warm weather is doing wonders in ripening the corn. Let us suffer in patience.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Both commercial agencies report a steady improvement of business. The farmers are the greatest beneficiaries of the improved conditions, although they have so far marketed only about one-tenth of their crops. The mercantile trade has felt the stimulating elixir of better times, and goods are moving more freely than for years past. The railroads find themselves embarrassed to move the immense tonnage offered for transit. The iron industry is extraordinarily active, and prices have made a sharp advance. Wages being the last to respond to improved conditions following a period of long-continued stagnation, show a healthy upward tendency, and with the settlement of the coal miners' strike, even at the 65-cent rate the movement will be greatly accelerated. Those who deny that prosperity has come close upon the heels of restored confidence fly in the face of palpable proofs to the contrary.

The phenomenal increase in bank clearings, amounting for the past week to a total 45 per cent. greater than the corresponding week last year, may possibly lead to an exaggerated idea of the actual condition of business. Such a showing made in comparison with a normal year would naturally convey the impression that a boom was either in process sor at least imminent. And as there is nothing that the conservative business man dreads so much as a boom, unless it be the inevitable panic which sooner or later follows, it would be well to bear in mind that comparative statistics for the remainder of the year are based upon the trying days of 1896, when an exciting political campaign had benumbed men's efforts and the business world was in a state of paralysis.

As an actual evidence of returned prosperity the action of the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad this week in advising an increased distribution of profits to stockholders equal to 1 per cent. of the capital stock, must convince the most skeptical. Similar announcements in the near future on the part of other railroads and industrial corporations will but prove beyond question that the business of the country has been re-established in its condition of normal prosperity. Similarly the advent of thousands of retail merchants to the wholesale cities within the last few weeks is but the return to its natural channel of the diverted, or partially dried up, stream of trade. Under the circumstances the increase in value of all securities cannot with any reason be ascribed to inflation or unhealthy speculation.

The farmers, for whose welfare everybody is expressing so much anxious solicitude, seem abundantly able to take care of themselves. They are making free use of the present opportunity to secure the high current prices for their wheat. They have apparently filled up the previously empty bins of the millers throughout the winter wheat districts, and are now making their grain flow into the commercial accumulative centers at the rate of 8,000,000 bushels a week.

In meeting the demand so freely the farmers are, of course, doing a wise thing for themselves and conferring incidentally a great benefit upon the whole community, which is already feeling the stimulative effect of the circulation of the money. It will be difficult, however, to keep prices up if the present activity in marketing their grain be long continued or, indeed, increased, as seems not unlikely, for the new spring wheat has not yet begun to flow in any great volume. Increased domestic receipts may of course be accompanied with a corresponding enlargement of the outward flow to Europe, in which case even still higher prices might be reached. It is however, highly improbable that Europe will continue for many weeks longer to take over 5,500,000 bushels a week from this country, as has recently been the case, even if we could spare it, which is equally improbable.

Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of corn poured upon the markets of the country during the week, the price was a little higher on Saturday than it was a week ago. The stiffness of the price in the face of such unprecedentedly heavy deliveries was the result of an outcry, which was swelled unduly by interested people, concerning the injury being done to the growing plant by the unusual heat. Allowing for some damage from that cause, it is quite probable that there will be something like 2,750,000,000 bushels of old and new corn together to begin the crop year with.

Ohio is one of the states in which the breach made in the Democratic party by the adoption of the Chicago platform is not to be healed this year. The gold Democrats have held a convention at Columbus, at which they have nominated a full set of state officers and have adopted a platform reaffirming that adopted at Indianapolis last year. This platform declares for the maintenance of the gold standard, for the retirement of the greenbacks, and for the extension of the civil-service merit system wherever possible in the nation and the state. What strength the supporters of the Columbus platform will muster in Ohio remains to be seen. Possibly the outcome of the voting may not afford a very accurate indication of the relative strength of gold and silver in the Democratic party in the state. Many not in favor of silver will doubtless vote for the nominees of the more numerous wing for particular reasons, while doubtless many of those in favor of the gold standard will vote, as they did last year, for the Republican candidates.

Evidently the interpretation of section 22 of the new tariff law, that touching the question of the imposition of the discriminating duty, has proven a knotty problem for the attorney general, for he has not yet rendered his long-expected opinion upon it. No hint has even been given as to when the opinion may be expected. Under the circumstances the section has become a source of much inconvenience, not only to importers but also to the customs officials. The treasury department has adopted the only course open to it by directing the suspension until further notice of the collection of duties under the section.

"Politics" will come all in good time, and the people will have all they want of it. In the meantime they like to read such items as these: The Lyman Mills at Holyoke, where 1,200 hands are employed, have started on full time. Only one of the four mills owned by the company has been in operation for six weeks. The Dwight manufacturing company, of Chicopee, who have been operating one of their mills while mills Nos. 2 and 3 have been standing idle since the first week in June, have started with their full complement of 1,600 hands. The Chicopee manufacturing company, of Chicopee Falls, will start up on full time September 20, after a complete shut-down of three weeks, and employment will be furnished the 1,200 people who are employed in the mills when running on full time. The "show" has certainly caught up with the "advance agent."

A statement drawn up at the pension office shows that the number of pensioners on the roll for June 30, the end of the last fiscal year, was 983,528. This prodigious total breaks all records, the surprising fact being that now, 32 years after the close of the civil war, the number of pensioners is larger than at any preceding time, although the ravages of death among the survivors of the war are now becoming so great. In other words, the influx to the list still exceeds the increasing outflow.

In 1865, the last year of hostilities, the number of pensioners on June 30 was set down at 85,986. A year later it got into six figures, with 126,722. The increase thenceforward was steady, yet moderate, until 207,495 was reached in 1871. Two years later, in 1873, what then appeared to be its maximum was attained, June 30 showing 238,411; for the following year it fell to 236,241, this being the first decrease in a dozen years. The next June there was a falling off to 234,821; the next to 232,137; the next to 232,104; the next to 223,998.

But then, just as a continuing ebb, with these five successive years seemed assured the tide turned. The arrears and other pension acts made a vast difference. In 1879 the record for June 30 rose to 242,755, and each succeeding June from that time has shown an increase, larger or smaller, up to the one just past. In 1883 the number had grown to 303,658; in 1887, to 406,007, while in 1890 it passed the half-million mark, June 30 of that year showing 537,944.

Thereafter it took prodigious bounds, influenced largely by the disability pension act. The first year's jump was nearly 140,000, to 676,160 in 1891; while even that was outdone by an increase of nearly 200,000 in the following twelve months to 876,068. A third increase brought the number to 966,012 on June 30, 1893.

Just there, however, when there was a general expectation of reaching the million mark the following June, since fewer than 34,000 net additions were required to do it, the annual gain dwindled to a few thousand, the number reached being 989,544. The next year the gain was smaller yet, not quite a thousand, the total being 970,524. When, therefore, last year, the gain fell off to only 154 the total being 970,678, it seemed an easy prediction that this year there would be an actual loss, and that the ebb would again set in.

But, on the contrary, the gain is the striking one of 12,850, or the biggest in four years; and with only 16,472 more to be made up the million mark may soon be reached.

The procession of the nations is moving in the direction contrary to that in which William Jennings Bryan vainly sought to lead the people of the United States in the presidential campaign of 1896.

France and the United States, which are generally listed as double-standard countries, are practically single-standard countries, as a result of their policy of limiting the coinage of silver. Mexico, since the recent fall in silver, has experienced so much discomfort that her statesmen are now considering the advisability of placing the currency of the country on a gold basis. Japan has already made this change. So has Salvador, and British Honduras, and Costa Rica seem to be preparing to do likewise. Peru also is anxious to give up the shifting silver and rebuild her currency system upon the stable foundation of the yellow metal.

Nations which aspire to do business in the world's market must use the money which is most in favor with the world, or be at a disadvantage. Quahog shells once circulated as money on Manhattan Island, and the first New York real estate transaction—the purchase of the island from the Indians by Peter Minuit for $24—was consummated by the payment of the purchase price not in dollars, but in shells. The New Yorkers of to-day would not sell their real estate for shells. Shells have become a "dishonored" currency. Whether or not silver will in the course of time go utterly out of use as money no one can confidently predict. But that the Nineteenth century "battle of the standards" has resulted in a decisive victory for gold is a fact beyond dispute.

The text of Japan's formal acceptance of the proposal to submit its differences with Hawaii has been received at the State department. The Japanese government accepted the suggestion of the Hawaiian government in principle some time ago, its acceptance having been announced in a telegram declaring that the terms and conditions of such acceptance would be made known by mail. These conditions are set forth in the document just received. It is suggested by Japan that the King of the Belgians be made sole arbitrator of the questions at issue. It is further suggested that the two governments agree as to the essential facts of the case and that the arbitration be limited to specified questions of law, and in case the award be in favor of Japan, the measure of damages suffered by Japanese subjects. It is insisted, however, that the Japanese government cannot consent that the question of the bona fides of the possession of $50 by each of the rejected free laborers, or of the applicability of the treaty of 1871 to Japanese subjects other than those belonging to the merchant class shall be regarded as points of issue upon which the decision of the arbitrators is to be invited. If the Hawaiian government is prepared to meet the government of Japan upon the foregoing points, which are declared to be essential, it is suggested by the Mikado's foreign minister that no difficulty need be apprehended in arriving at an understanding in reference to questions of minor importance.

Applicants for positions in government office have been of late receiving letters from individuals and bureaus professing to have special information of value to such applicants and special facilities for preparing them for coming civil service examinations. The civil service commissioners has been annoyed at learning of this, and is taking pains to make known the fact that all the information about the times and places of holding examinations, the methods of marking papers, the prospect of securing appointments and also sample examination questions are contained in the pamphlet of instructions and the examination schedules, which are furnished free to all applicants by the government. The commission has just issued an announcement, in which it warns applicants that no person has any information of importance to applicants which cannot be obtained without cost from the commission itself, and that all claims to the contrary are misrepresentations. Applicants are even warned that letters in regard to examinations and other business of the commission should not be addressed to members of congress or others not connected with the commission, as in this way delay is caused and applicants are not assisted in any way. This is as it should be, and the true situation be made widely known.

THE ASIATIC UPRISING.

All eyes are centered on Central Asia where the British punitive expedition is now trying to quell what must be termed a religious war. Thus far the bulk of the fighting in the Walakand district has been in the Tochi Valley which lies east and west between Afghanistan and Waziristan; the river of that name which drains it is a shallow stream of varying breadth according to the season of the year; when the snows melt in the hills the river comes down in a torrent, a mile or more broad in some places, but, more often than not, the bed is almost dry except for a narrow stream running down the centre. The entrance to the valley

AN AFRICO-SOLDIER

from the Tochi Fort, one of the outposts from Bannu, is narrow and the aspect, as one approaches is that of a series of bare, low-lying hills rising to higher eminences in the background, the river winding its way in and out between them. The lower extremity of the valley is but little cultivated, but farther up the land on both banks is irrigated and fairly fertile, though this only applies to the actual parts close to the riverside, the hills being for the most part barren and bleak, and only cultivated so far as they are amenable to the primitive methods of irrigation which the Dawaris understand. The Tochi country then is generally outlined consists of the main valley and a labyrinth block of hills and smaller valleys running into it. The inhabitants, the

NATIVE ARTILLERY IN CENTRAL ASIA

Dawaris, are, to a certain extent, nomadic and pastoral, though they have some few large villages dotted here and there. They are not a fighting race so much as their neighbors the Afridis; on the contrary, their chief characteristic seems to be cowardice. The Dawari is full of treachery, fanaticism, and cruelty. Though rarely willing to risk his life in open fight, he will lie in wait for his enemy to take him at a disadvantage if he can. In appearance he somewhat resembles the Waziri, but the latter does not dye his face, as is the custom in the Tochi. The Dawaris, like the Waziris, Momands, whose countries have only recently been taken over, were formerly subject to the Amir of Afghanistan, though could they but recognize the fact, they are infinitely better off under British rule.

A DOUBLE ASH.

The accompanying picture is of a double ash tree, standing near Waynesville, O. It is a very symmetrical coalescence of two blue ash trees, 5 feet part at the ground, and at 15 feet above joining to form a perfect trunk that extends to a height of some 70 feet. Each tree is from 15 to 18 inches in diameter, and

A DOUBLE ASH.

each trunk, as well as the upper bole, is perfectly normal, nor does the fork show any signs of a flattening strike, or one-sided maximum. Hence the union is natural, and has taken place when the trees were saplings. Is this a "natural graft," or did some Indian possibly use the saplings as part of his wigwam support and tie them up tightly as to induce coalescence? The age of the trees (considering the slow rate of growth of the blue ash) seems to make them antedate the white settlers in Ohio.

PROF. E. B. ANDREWS.

The resignation of President E. Benjamin Andrews from Brown university, because of a difference with the faculty, he being an advocate of free silver at 16

PROF. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

to 1, has caused a great deal of comment. He has just accepted the position as head of a new "university" planned by E. Brisben Walker, of Irvington on Hudson, N. Y.

OXEN WEAR SANDALS.

Heavy hauling and farm work in Japan are exclusively done by oxen. The Japanese teamster is very attentive to the animals intrusted in his care and always treats them with great kindness.

SANDALS WORN BY OXEN.

He would not think of letting an ox go out without having placed a sort of sandal on his forefeet, which protect the animal's hoofs from injury. These sandals consist of a sole braided of rice straw, which is fastened to the hoof in the manner shown in the illustration.

NEW STATUE OF LINCOLN.

This statue, the work of Sig. C. Caccia, was lately exhibited in the Royal academy, London. The Sketch is pleased to say of the figure:

"It is full of alertness and vitality, representing Abraham Lincoln under the general description, 'From the Woods to

CACCIA'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

the Presidency of U. S. A.' Lincoln is represented as a young man in agricultural costume, seated in an attitude of contemplation, his book resting on the leg and his ax against his knee. The head is finely modeled, and the hands are carefully and beautifully executed. The whole suggestion of the figure is one of power and excellent restraint, the body seated in a loose attitude of rest, and the expression of the face is quite beautiful."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Count Tolstoi's domestic life is being written up by one of his former servants, a man named Stolpan.

London's symphony concerts have been given up and Mr. Henschel will return to the United States.

Miss Marie du Maurier, daughter of the late George du Maurier, was married recently to Edward Horsman Coles.

English suicides take naturally to hanging. A woman at Teignmouth has added variety to this method by hanging herself on her own front door knicker.

Of the 26 senators who served terms in the lower house of congress before the Senate, Senator Mills, of Texas, served longest, his term being from 1873 to 1892.

Black, blue and red ink used in German public schools has been found to contain poisonous ingredients. When scientifically developed they proved fatal to mice within four days.

Franchetti, the banker-composer, is building an opera house at his country seat, where he can have his own works performed without subjecting them to the judgment of managers.

John Brown has been an employe of the Philadelphia postoffice for 54 years, and Chas. J. Summers has been a letter carrier there for nearly 34 years, all that time on the same route.

Garibaldi's tomb in the island of Caprera was visited by the Prince of Naples recently, who deposited on it a wreath of flowers. The island before the inhabitants knew of his coming.

The youngest lady of the cabinet is Miss Flora H. Wilson, daughter of the secretary of agriculture. She is a typical daughter of the West, and has the gracious, lively manner of the Western girl.

John Gilmer, who died in Philadelphia Tuesday, at the age of 97 years, had been in the employ of one municipal department for nearly 62 years, serving up to within a few months of his death.

Little King Alfonso has received a new plaything from Queen Victoria, but as he is still a small boy it is only a cheap one. It is the Honorary Grand Cross of her new Royal Victorian Order.

One old lady in England boasts of having looked on King George III.'s face—she was as well as the two of Queen Victoria. She is Mrs. Blume, mother of Bishop of Hull, now 95 years of age.

Carolus Duran has returned to Paris from London, where he had been painting the portrait of Lady Warwick, formerly Miss Daisy Brooks. Duran is said to be highly complimented on his work by the Prince of Wales.

President Barrios, of Guatemala, was educated in this country, and is a graduate of Yale. He declared himself dictator to protect the interests of foreigners in his country, and is anxious to have American capital develop it.

Miss Winifred Long of Bertie Fell, Durham, is 107 years of age, and though almost blind preserves her memory and hearing. She recently lost a sister who died aged 100, and had a brother who also lived to be over 100.

King Humbert, of Italy, is like his late father, Victor Emmanuel, a noted hunter. He delights in organizing large hunting parties in the mountains of Piedmont, and if unfrequently stays away for days when on the chase best.

Eisenbach's Richard Wagner museum has just been

Publishers' Column.

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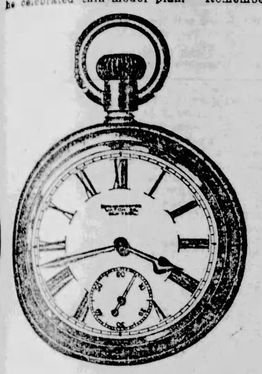

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Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
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One of the prettiest of the season's novelties is here pictured. The bolero and sleeves are carried out in fine cheviot in Russian green with the full vest of silk showing a simple plaid and facings, girdle and collar of velvet. With this pleasing toilette is worn a French hat of velvet having a soft draped crown and trimming of ostrich tips. The waist is mounted upon a glove-fitted

7154—Ladies' Waist with Bolero.

lining having the usual number of seams and double bust-darts, and closing in the centre with hooks and eyes beneath the full vest, the closing of which is invisibly effected on the left side beneath the bolero, but can be made to close through the center, if desired. The back of the waist fits smoothly across the shoulders with the fulness at the waist line, where it is permitted to droop in soft blouse effect over the deep crushed girdle that encircles the waist, and is carried to the front, closing below the bust line and finishing with chic upright bows and soft knot. The fulness, which is included in the shoulder and under-arm seams, has the back uniquely rounded in pointed or fish-tail effect. The fronts are reversed above the vest, forming revers that are faced with velvet. At the neck is a close standing band with a crushed collar that is prettily bowed at the center-back. Wide lace that is box-plaited completes the neck. The sleeves are close-fitting to the shoulder where they terminate in slight puffs. The model, which promises to be popular, is adapted to a wide range of fabrics, affording brilliant opportunities for combinations of material and color.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require three yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7154, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7116—MISSES' EMPIRE JACKET.

The model here shown is particularly well suited to youthful figures. As represented, it is made of smooth-faced cloth in a medium shade of tan, with passementerie in a darker shade forming the decoration. The upper portion consists of a square yoke that is simply fitted by shoulder seams. To the lower or straight edge of the yoke are attached the jacket portions. They are laid both at the fronts and back in two wide box-plaits and stand out from the figure in true

7116—Misses' Empire Jacket.

Empire style. Under-arm gores are provided, rendering the adjustment at the sides smooth-fitting. The closing is effected invisibly at the centre-front. At the neck is a high flaring collar, cut in two sections, that join at the back. Inside the collar is a full ruche of plaited mousseline, a full bow of the same material finishing the neck at the back and at the front. The sleeves are two-seamed, with the fulness at the top collected in gathers. The wrists are cut in deep slashes, decorated with passementerie and a soft frill of lace. Above the sleeves smooth epaulettes appear that have the free edges outlined with passementerie.

Jackets of this description can be made in cloth, silk, satin or velvet. When cut in cloth, passementerie, braid or machine stitching forms the finish, while silk or satin can be trimmed with fur.

To make this jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7116, is cut in sizes for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 6854—LADIES' BOLERO JACKET, WITH BELL SLEEVES.

The novel garment shown in illustration is a combination of bolero and cape and moire velours, chiffon and jet are the materials

6854—Ladies' Bolero Jacket With Bell Sleeves.

employed. The jacket is simply shaped by shoulder and under-arm seams, the round outline reaching the waist with slightly pointed corners that flare apart in front. The bell sleeves are a special feature of this fashionable jacket, but can be omitted, however, in favor of deep accordion plaited mousseline-de-soie [illegible] skillfully arranged to form the entire portion over the arm with a succession of accordion-plaited frills above forming volants or epaulettes. The pattern also provides for the sleeves that are circular in shape and reach to a trifle below the elbow, the gathered fulness adjusting them gracefully at the top. A high flaring collar and chiffon ruche completes the neck.

All manner of materials and combinations are quite permissible for the mode. One rather unique combination seen was of ecru linen in rather a coarse mesh and heavy quality, checked all over with jet embroidery and lined with [illegible]. The sleeves were of black lace and had pinked taffeta silk frills of petunia and black.

To make this jacket for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 6854, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

WHICH?

Blonde or brunette? Shall Ethel fair
My winter girl with golden hair,
Or Maud, whose dark brown eyes bewitch—
My summer girl—now govern?
Which?

Shall cold Bostonianism rule?
Shall Love teach Browning in his school?
Or shall coy glances, passion-rich,
Compel my fond allegiance?
Which?

And yet the solving's really clear,
For winter's gone and summer's here.
I want no statue in a niche,
So Cupid says, let Maud be
Which.

—W. C. Nichols in Harvard Lampoon.

NO CORSETS FOR HER.

The theatrical world of New York has been agitated during the past week by the action of pretty Jenny Whitbeck, who threw up a decidedly profitable engagement because the costume required by the part necessitated the wearing of corsets.

Miss Whitbeck announced that she had never worn corsets and never will. The part Miss Whitbeck had signed for was that of Little Bo-Peep in a new play which starts

MISS WHITBECK.
The pretty young actress who resigned her part rather than wear a pair of corsets.

out next season, and when the plate design for the costume—French shepherdess style, with tiny waist, puffs over the hips, high heels and all—was sent her, Miss Whitbeck nearly had hysterics. "I won't!" she said. "You will!" said her manager. Then there was war. The manager says he will sue her if she persists in her refusal. Miss Whitbeck airily says that there are other managers. She declares the average manager would be unable to see any beauty in the Venus de Milo, but nevertheless she will never endure the stiff torture of a corset.

A MORNING HAIRDRESSING

First wave the hair all round the head, then comb back to the crown, where it is tied close to the head.

Next divide the hair into three portions, and with one make the top loop, rolling the end up beneath loop in a French curl, the loop being pinned well in position.

Take another piece of hair and form a loop on the left side, which pin well in place, and keep end to the left.

Now take the third piece of hair and form a loop at the right side, which pin securely in place.

Now with the ends of hair left from the two loops, roll them up in French curls and pin

A MORNING HAIRDRESSING.

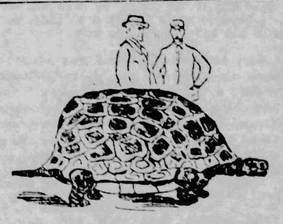
at the base of the loops, or with the end of hair on right side, pass it over base of loop and pin between the two lower loops as the sketch shows; the other end being formed into a French curl.

The hair can either be cut and curled over the forehead, or else a wave and fringe put on, and which is now made so natural-looking that no one need mind wearing it.

The comb is quite the newest style of the present arrangement of hair-dressing.

GOOD FOR THE SOUP CROP

A veritable giant has arrived at the London zoological gardens in the form of a land tortoise—probably Testudo Dandini. This huge reptile, which has been received on deposit, was brought from Marseilles by the society's head keeper, who went especially to fetch it. It is undoubtedly the largest tortoise that has



A QUARTER OF A TON OF TURTLE.

ever taken up its abode at Regent's park and weighs upwards of a quarter of a ton. In Timbs' Curiosities of London mention is made of one of these gigantic tortoises then in the gardens—7 feet long, circumference 7 feet 8 inches, and aged 180 years. In all probability the new arrival at the Zoo is of an age even more venerable, for it is reported to have been in the possession of the same family for several generations.

A Literary Embellishment.

Teacher (in kindergarten)—You've omitted something, Mabel, in making your letter "I's." What is it?"

Mabel—I guess I forgot to put eyebrows over them.—Household Words.

Put Him to the Proof.

Useful.—She—And you say you would die for me.

Mr. Boresome—A thousand times.

She—Would you mind doing it just once—straightaway? You know papa has been appointed Coroner, and he hasn't had any practice yet.—Boston Traveler.

—"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

A New Remedy Which Will Do It.

Chronic dyspepsia is considered by many people to be nearly if not quite incurable. No good reason can be given why they think so except that perhaps they have tried various remedies without much, if any, benefit. But the progress in every branch of medicine has been such that among other things a lasting cure for indigestion in its chronic form as well as temporary has been discovered and is now placed before the public strictly on its merits as a permanent cure for all stomach troubles or difficulties with the digestive organs.

This new treatment is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, being put up in tablet form so as to be easily taken and also to preserve its good qualities for an indefinite length of time.

This remedy has produced surprising effects in the worst forms of indigestion, and in many cases where ordinary remedies failed to give even relief, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have fully cured.

The splendid results from using this preparation are owing to the fact that it is prepared and intended for Dyspepsia and stomach troubles only. It is not a cure-all, like so many advertised remedies, claiming to cure everything under the sun, but it is claimed that it is a certain cure for Dyspepsia and any one suffering from any form of indigestion cannot fail to get permanent relief and cure from its use.

It is so prepared and the ingredients are of such a nature that when the tablets are taken into the stomach they digest the food no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. You get sustenance and strength to mind and body by reason of the food being properly digested and at the same time the much abused stomach is allowed to rest and recuperate.

Notwithstanding the great benefits to be derived from Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, the price is but 50c for full sized package and all druggists sell them.

A little book on Stomach Diseases mailed free by addressing the Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

HOLE IN THE GROUND

WITH A GOOD FARM OCCUPYING THE BOTTOM.

Blizzards Rage On the Plains Above, but All is Sunshine and Prosperity in the Hole.

A hole in the ground has been transformed into a veritable paradise. "A hole in the ground," is what most people called the place before Perrine began his work of transformation. Some with wider flow of language called it the "Devil's Corral." It is on Snake River, in southern Idaho, 17 miles south of the little town of Shoshone, and five miles down the river below the Great Shoshone Falls. The "hole" is about 700 feet deep, and embraces 600 or 800 acres of bottom surface.

Burt Perrine, a young man from Indiana, seeking his fortune in the west, came out to see the Great Shoshone Falls, and to see this Satanic corral. He clambered down the cliff to where the mine was. He was not impressed by the mine, but he was impressed by the situation and general appearance of this rock walled basin. His first thought was: "The north wind can never find its way down here. This place ought to be transformed into a ranch or a truck garden or fruit farm."

Upon closer examination he found that if the rocks were rolled out of the way, and the miscellaneous bushes around were grubbed up and burned there would be several hundred acres of very choice soil. In the highest part of this big basin, he discovered, connected together, two glorious cold water lakes. They were 40 to 50 feet deep, and the two covered about an acre of space. They were as clear as crystal, as blue as the sky above them, with white sand blistening in the bottom and very lively trout of the mountain sort darting through them. From these lakes the entire basin could be easily irrigated.

Against the undertaking was the almost incalculable amount of work necessary to clear and level and irrigate the land; the uncertainty as to what the winters that brought snow six feet deep over all the plains above might do down there; and the possible power of the north wind to find its way down after all. As an additional menace to the

IDAHO'S HOLE IN THE GROUND.

pleasing feeling. One cannot see more than 20 steps ahead. Now the horses seem approaching a rocky wall, now a yawning precipice. Suddenly, without any warning whatever, the wagon halts almost perpendicularly above the beautiful blue lakes. One could dive into them, so straight are they below, but it would be a dive of several hundred feet, and it is a ride of several hundred winding yards to get beside them. These are queer lakes. They are filled by subterranean springs. Except that which is piped out for irrigation purposes, their water is discharged through subterranean caverns. The water in the lakes remains at the same level all the time. It remains, every minute of the year, without regard to seasons, at the same temperature—60 degrees. In honor of them, this place is not known any more as the "Devil's Corral," but is called, instead, "The Blue Lakes."

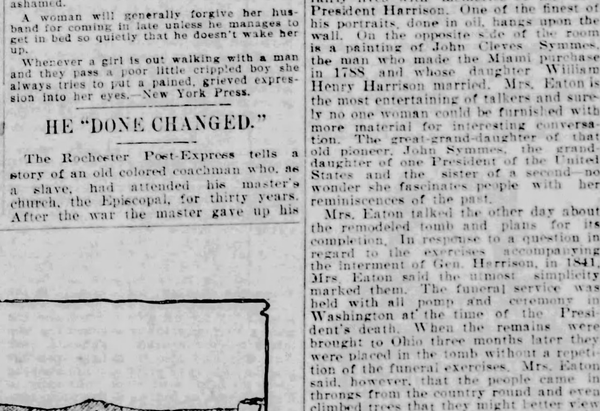
The "Devil's Corral" is now a 420-acre paradise, blooming into life with 5,000 fruit trees, and not a forbidden tree among them. The luscious fruit is a continual joy and a lifetime fortune to its owner, and a source of pleasure and admiration to visiting thousands.

The 5,000 fruit trees, include prunes, peaches, pears, apples, nectarines, strawberries, grapes and watermelons, each producing with rarest flavor a great abundance of its kind. While the snow on the plains above is six feet deep for several months every year, the fruit trees here have never been know nto suffer from the cold. During the winter nothing but sleighs can be driven over the plains above, but only wheeled vehicles can be driven in this place and down the road leading to it.

His pretty little cottage, nestling among the trees down by the river side, is a thing of comfort and beauty. Within 50 yards of the house he can catch in half an hour more mountain trout than his family can eat in a day. Now that the place is fixed up, to keep it up is little more than a matter of play. To live like a lord upon it and to gradually lay up a fortune is no problem at all. With this sort of a place, with a charming wife, a beautiful little girl and a undertaking, there stood giant lava walls towering above from 500 to 800 feet, and sloping from an angle of 70 degrees to a straight perpendicular. These lava walls, burnt, rent, torn and twisted into confusing shapelessness by the fires of former ages, seemed now as enduring as time.

He went away and advised with his friends about it. Without exception, they laughed at the idea of putting this great "hole in the ground" to any useful purpose. They said that even the solitary miner was half-witted, or he would not try to get gold dust out of there. But he decided to put his opinions to the test, and bought out the claim of the miner so as to have the hole all to himself. He surveyed the place and found that it contained 420 acres that could be worked or reclaimed. He homesteaded a part of the land and made a desert entry on the balance.

Then he began the work of transformation. He managed to blaze out along the rocky descent a trail down which pack animals could travel, and it may be well to remark just here that the little mules and the burros used in this country can almost climb a tree or walk into a well. To do the work necessary down in this corral, Mr. Perrine had to have wagons, scrapers, harrows, plows, powder and dynamite, and all sorts of things



TOMB OF GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

to work with that even pack animals couldn't carry. These had to be let down with ropes over a perpendicular lava wall of 600 feet. They were so let down. Think for a few little moments of the care and work that this required.

But to get a road up that 700 feet of miscellaneous precipice was the real puzzle. Perrine had done some surveying and a little railroad engineering back in Indiana, and he thought he could build a road here. By the use of much dynamite, more powder, all the arts of removing rock that wouldn't be removed, and a paradoxical amount of persistent work, the road was graded and built. It does much winding in and out, up and down, back and forth, aside and across, and at a general glance it has more the appearance of a stairway than of a road. Yet two-horse and four-horse teams easily travel it, and the traffic that goes up it and down it is a marvel to the beholder.

Going down this road excites a very bright little boy, it seems that this young man from Indiana, who came to seek his fortune in the west, has gotten about as much as this good world can offer.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A man asks a girl if she has ever kissed any other man before because he likes to hear how well she can say it.

When a girl sees a man looking to see how long her bicycle skirt is, I wonder why she always puts her hands up to fix her hair.

One of the main advantages in a man's not getting married is being able to get all the sofa pillows he wants without buying them.

When a girl tries on her brother's trousers she can never understand how he can go around that way without being awfully ashamed.

A woman will generally forgive her husband for coming in late unless he manages to get in bed so quietly that he doesn't wake her up.

Whenever a girl is out walking with a man and they pass a poor little crippled boy she always tries to put a pained, grieved expression into her eyes.—New York Press.

HE "DONE CHANGED."

The Rochester Post-Express tells a story of an old colored coachman who, as a slave, had attended his master's church, the Episcopal, for thirty years. After the war the master gave up his carriage, and the coachman shifted for himself. Taking advantage of his freedom, he began visiting various churches, and finally made a new connection. Meeting his old master one day, he admitted, with some embarrassment, that he had "done changed" and "jined the

"I DONE JINED THE MEFODIS."

Mefodis." He said he "liked 'em bettah," and when pinned down told why. "Well, I'll tell you, marster; you know when you goes to a Mefodis church, jes' as soon as you gits inside dey settle right down to business, a-preaching of de gospel, whilst in de 'Piskerpul church it takes 'em too long to read de perceedin's o' de last' meetin'!"

Elucidation.

Teacher—Tommy, can you more fully explain the adage, 'Old men for council, young men for war?'

Tommy—It means that the old men do the quarreling, and then let the young men do the fighting.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hood's Pills

Best to take after dinner; prevent distress, aid digestion, cure constipation. Purely vegetable; do not gripe or cause pain. Easy to take. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 25 cents.

"TIPPECANOE'S" TOMB.

AT NORTH BEND, O., REMODELED AND RESTORED.

Work Has Been Finished on the Sepulcher of Ex-President William Henry Harrison.

Passengers on the railroads passing North Bend, on the Ohio river, frequently ask to have pointed out to them the tomb of Gen. William Henry Harrison, the first President Ohio furnished the nation. They now see the old tomb replaced by a new one, or, strictly speaking, the remodeling of the old crypt has just been completed.

The narrow home of Gen. Harrison is on the crest of a hill overlooking the Ohio river, and south from this spot is one of the most charming bits of scenery in the Ohio valley. Since its renovation the tomb faces the river and bears over its entrance the family name, "Harrison," heavily cut in blue limestone. The crown of the tomb has been lifted a little until the shape is almost oval. Its architecture is very simple and the whole cost of rebuilding will not exceed $1,000. Eight adults and four children have been buried in this historic tomb, says the Cincinnati Tribune. In the new vault sixteen new crypts have been added. Before each crypt will be placed a marble slab bearing the name of the dead and the dates of birth and death. The old tomb had fallen into sad decay and none of the years was marked, not even that of the illustrious old Tippecanoe, for whose body the tomb was originally built. It will be remembered that Gen. William Henry Harrison died a month after his election as President, and that his body was kept in Washington three months before being brought to Ohio. In the interim the tomb was built and his body was laid in its permanent resting place in June, 1841. Old residents of Harrison, Cleves and North Bend still remember the ceremonies which accompanied the interment. The funeral exercises, however, were held in Washington and the utmost simplicity marked the interment at North Bend.

Cleves and North Bend alike are intensely interested in all that pertains to the memory of that first President called from Ohio and the Miami territory. His home was midway between the two villages and his grand-daughter, Mrs. Eaton, lives just above the little town of Cleves.

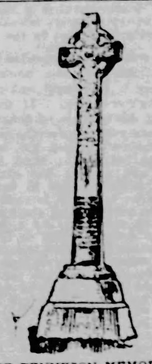
Mrs. Betty Harrison Eaton's parlor fairly lives with memories of the first President Harrison. One of the finest of his portraits, done in oil, hangs upon the wall. On the opposite side of the room is a painting of John Cleves Symmes, the man who made the Miami purchase in 1788 and whose daughter William Henry Harrison married. Mrs. Eaton is the most entertaining of talkers and surely no one woman could be furnished with more material for interesting conversation. The great-grand-daughter of that old pioneer, John Symmes, the granddaughter of one President of the United States and the sister of a second—no wonder she fascinates people with her reminiscences of the past.

Mrs. Eaton talked the other day about the remodeled tomb and plans for its completion. In response to a question in regard to the exercises accompanying the interment of Gen. Harrison, in 1841, Mrs. Eaton said the utmost simplicity marked them. The funeral service was held with all pomp and ceremony in Washington at the time of the President's death. When the remains were brought to Ohio three months later they were placed in the tomb without a repetition of the funeral exercises. Mrs. Eaton said, however, that the people came in throngs from the country round and even climbed trees that they might better view the last ceremony over the remains of the man who had spent his boyhood and manhood among the people of the little town near which he was to be buried.

IN HONOR OF A POET.

On Freshwater Down, Isle of Wight, there has just been unveiled a beautiful and unique memorial in honor of Tennyson.

It is a tall and slender shaft formed into a cross at the summit, made of Cornish granite and intricately carved. It replaced the regular sea-beacon at that point and hereafter the look-outs on the sea will have this monument before them when they near the island. It stands clear and high on the windswept Down. When Tennyson was alive his favorite pastime was to stroll down from his beautiful home on the Isle of Wight and walk across the Down where now



THE TENNYSON MEMORIAL.

stands his monument. From this spot he had an uninterrupted view of the waves and many of his most beautiful poems probably rose in his mind as he paced back and forth.

At the completion of the shaft it was dedicated by no less a personage than the archbishop of Canterbury and the unveiling was performed by Lady Tennyson, the wife of Lord Tennyson's son, who inherited the title and estates of his renowned father. The spot will doubtless become a favorite one with tourists and pilgrimages to his home in much the same manner they visit the River Avon and Shakespeare's haunts.

She Told the Truth.

Mrs. Newly, in her modern male attire for women, was addressing a select audience. "I wear 'no man's collar,'" she shouted.

"You have one of mine now," squeaked her husband.

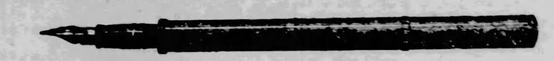
"I said 'no man's collar,'" she retorted, and Newly sneaked out the back way.—Detroit Free Press.

SILVER TEA SET FREE

Just what every woman wants. These beautiful pieces, a teapot, gold lined sugar bowl, milk pitcher & spoon holder, each large size for family use, given absolutely free to every person answering this advertisement who will send our Notion Remedies. This beautiful 6-set is heavily plated artistically engraved, & we guarantee that each piece of this handsome silverware which we give for selling only 3 boxes of our Remedies will be found exactly as we explain. This is a straight, honest offer to quickly put our remedies in reach of all, & if you agree to sell only 3 boxes of our Silver Salve & 3 boxes of our Vegetable Pills @ 25c a box, write to-day & we will send Remedies at once. When sold send us the money & we send you the handsome present, same style & design described above, same day money is received. Never was so valuable a present given for so little work & we guarantee the complete tea set of 6 pieces to be solid wave sterling silver plate warranted for years. Address at once MFG. CHEMIST, 58 WEST 125D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TOLEDO BLADE
FOUNTAIN PEN

To every person mailing us one dollar for the Weekly Blade one year we will mail one of these Fountain Pens free, if asked for at the time order is sent.



The barrel is of specially made hard rubber, accurately turned and fitted. The pen is of extra good weight and combines flexibility with stability. The ink flow is automatic, and it will never drip nor skip. We guarantee it in every respect, and further, that it is the equal in quality and appearance of any $1.75 pen sold. By arranging for purchase of many hundred dozens we are enabled to give same away to our readers on above terms.

Or, we will mail these pens postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents each. Every subscriber of The Blade should order one of these pens, and do so soon as convenient, as we may not continue the offer beyond a few weeks. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

MRS. O. A. ROUNDS, 407 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb., would like the address of Leonard Van Slyck, formerly of Montgomery Co., N. Y.

PILES and **CONSTIPATION** quickly and permanently cured by a simple remedy. Free by mail. Prof. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

GOOD PAY for men with small capital. Sub-agents wanted. Rare business. Particulars free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

GUNS Double side lever, $7.75. Top [illegible] Rifles, Shotguns, Revolvers, Pistols, Bicycles, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Catalogue free. H. & D. FOLSOM ARMS CO., 314 B'way, N.Y.

THE TURBINIA.

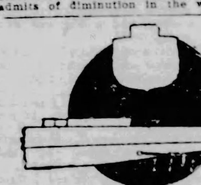
At the great Jubilee Naval Review considerable excitement was caused by a little boat which darted in and out of the line of battleships at a speed never known before in any ship. The smart little vessel turned out to be a Turbinia, designed by Hon. C. A. Parsons, who had already so far impressed the authorities as to have got permission to exhibit his boat at the review, and to ignore all the rules applying to the dignified battleships which were arranged in battle array. Cheeky and busy indeed was the Turbinia that some of the critics resented the freedom with which it darted in and out apparently regardless of all respect for order and discipline. The inventor was, however, acting by the

THE TURBINIA.

wish of the authorities who desired that an exhibition of the remarkable speed of the Turbinia might be given. The speed reached by the little vessel exceeds anything ever before known, having reached 35 knots (nearly 40 miles) an hour.

Now for the details of the marvelous invention which has rendered such a speed possible. For one thing, by an ingenious arrangement of the boilers for economising steam, the size and weight of boilers to be carried and also the amount of coal has been much reduced. The engines are also much smaller than usual, and the machinery being placed near the bottom of the vessel the center of gravity is thereby lowered, and the stability of the vessel increased. Also, owing to their position, they lie almost wholly below the water line—a matter of considerable importance in war vessels.

Another feature in the Turbinia is the almost total absence of vibration, which again admits of diminution in the weight of the



THE TURBINIA'S SCREWS.

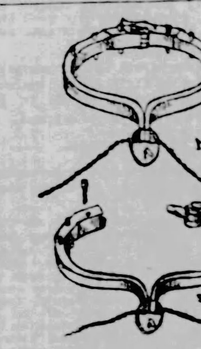
hull, and in fast vessels admits of a degree of comfort not hitherto attainable and applied to warships in enabling guns and torpedoes to be worked with greater accuracy.

Readers will at once appreciate what the reduction of vibration will mean. Professor Ewing, of Cambridge, who has spent the best part of a week in making runs on the Turbinia, tells us that even at the highest speeds there was no vibration, and by that he did not mean a comparative quietude, but literally.

The inventor has worked for the realization of his great idea for a long time. Indeed Sir William White, who has watched the course of the experiments, says that the Turbinia is the result of years of patient effort, and he does not know an example of perseverance which would surpass it.

THE SPIRIT COLLAR.

One of the features of the well known "spiritualistic" cabinet trick has been exposed by a writer in the Scientific American. This is the spirit collar with which the medium is sometimes fastened in the cabinet. The collar is made of brass and fits closely about the performer's neck. Through the opening in the ends of the collar is passed a chain, after the collar is on the performer's neck, and this chain is passed around a post, carried back and through the padlock which is used to lock the collar. By this arrangement the performer is fastened securely to a post—at least it appears to to the audience. As seen by the cut the collar is decorated with a number of small



THE SPIRIT COLLAR.

bolts, which impart to it an additional appearance of strength.

These bolts are all false, with one exception. The genuine bolt can be removed by the performer when the collar is on his neck, thus allowing the collar to come apart at the hinges, as shown in the cut, thus releasing the performer, allowing him full liberty to perform any trick he wishes and permitting him to again apparently fasten himself securely. This loose bolt fits so securely that there is no danger of any one of the committee removing it with their fingers. The performer used a small wrench to remove the bolt.

A Metamorphosis.

"Sniggens has his mustache shaved off. I met him this morning and didn't recognize him for a minute."

"That's nothing strange. Why, he says that when the barber got through with him he didn't know his own mug."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TO THE ANTARCTIC.

During the past few years, whilst public attention has been directed to North Polar exploration and its counterpart in the Antipodes, without any practical results as regards the latter, a Belgian Antarctic expedition has been quietly fitted out at Sandefjord, Norway, under the able superintendence of Captain Adrien de Gerlache, its promoter, and Lieutenant Danco, of the Belgian artillery, one of the scientific members of the expedition. The object of the enterprise is to penetrate those waters of Antarctica which have

THE BELGICA IN ANTARCTIC.

hitherto proved impenetrable to the unsuitable craft which endeavored to navigate them, chart the coast line, if it be found, effect a landing at Cape Adare, where a house and observatory will be erected and left in charge of the above-named officers, together with a suitable number of men, who, during the course of their sojourn, will traverse the ice can, or interior of the continent as far as possible, endeavor to discover the true position of the south magnetic pole, make constant records of the climatic, magnetic and astronomical conditions, etc., and add considerably to our present very slight and unsatisfactory knowledge of those regions. By this purpose the ship Belgica will, after completing her coal supply at Punta Arenas, touch at Graham's Land, work through Weddell Sea to Enderby Land, continuing her way along the shores of Wilkes Land to Cape Adare to Victoria Land, where the shore-going party will land and winter, the Belgica herself, unless

CAPTAIN DE GERLACHE.

compelled by circumstances to remain, proceeding to Melbourne for a time, returning in the following year either to reship or reinforce the explorers at Cape Adare. The Belgica is a Norwegian-built steam whaler, which is sufficient guarantee of her fitness for ice navigation but she has been still further strengthened and prepared for her present purpose by her purchaser, Captain de Gerlache. She measures 263 tons, steams seven knots, is barque-rigged, and appears to be a fine seaworthy vessel. The outfit is of the very best, comprising deep sea trawls for dredging, worked by special steam winches, patent sounding lines, whale guns, and, in fact, every kind of instrument and appliance necessary for marine terrestrial atmospheric and astronomic investigation. This well equipped expedition is the only one that has ever sailed for the Antarctic in a steamship especially built for ice navigation.

ODD FACTS.

Spanish trains so seldom leave stations on time that the time tables in many cases merely indicate the hour of departure, say, 8 and "minutes—that is, an indefinite number of minutes after 8.

A resolution has been submitted to the municipal council of Paris requiring families to furnish every two months a medical certificate stating that infants under one year have been cared for in accordance with hygienic rules.

Many American weeds which are now neglected according to a botanist, are good to eat. The tender shoots of milkweed are said to resemble in taste asparagus. Pigweed is related to beets and spinach. The nettle, too, is declared to be well flavored, although it is somewhat coarse and stringy.

French authorities say that the intensity of the electric light used on men-of-war has caused eye complaints among the sailors, some of which have led to complete blindness. Gray and blue eyes are more likely to be affected than brown eyes. The eye troubles are due not only to the intensity of the light, but also, it is said, by some, to the action of the ultra violet rays.

He Was No Coward.

Landlady—Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Jones.

Jones (a new boarder)—I am not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat, and it didn't scare me a bit.—New York World.

... THE COZY CORNER ...

SEPTEMBER.

Purple asters here at last!
And thistle-seed a-blowing!
And what is this in the blackbird's song?—
The locust's pipe it shrill and long,
Over and over: "Past—past—past—
The summer days are going!"

Stay, chattering squirrel! Why this fret
For hoard you're sure to gather?
And cunning spinner, why so soon
A shroud to weave—a last cocoon?

The bitter frost is far off yet,
Though summer days are going.

Perhaps (who knows) to grass and fern
Comes bitter pang in turning
From youth to age. Perhaps the wood
Rebels against a faded hood,
And would escape it if it could;
And that with wrath the sumachs burn,
When summer days are going!
—Jane Marsh Parker.

Last week only, I thought August must be the very loveliest month of the year, and now I wonder that I could have supposed for an instant that there could be any beauty to equal that of September.

The trees are just as green, and if the roses are gone we have the asters and golden rod, and occasionally this month, a bit of flaming sumach to brighten the otherwise dull woods, though this will come in a greater profusion in October.

In place of berries, we now have the peaches, with their golden, velvety faces turned so invitingly towards us from the market stalls, where they vie with the purple grapes and rosy apples, in their attempts to persuade us that we prefer them to our hard-earned money, and I confess that they do not have to work very hard to persuade me.

This for those who dwell in cities and only see the beautiful products of nature in the market place, but to those who are favored as to see the fruit on tree and vine, gradually growing more and more beautiful, who can estimate the joy that is theirs, in being able to watch each year the miracle of the change from bud to blossom and then to the perfect fruit.

I think we should all of us live, as much as possible, out of doors during these days, gaining strength by drinking in all of the clear health-giving air we can; by long walks and rides, and by storing up for our winter pleasure, mental pictures of the beautiful world in which we are permitted to live; pictures that we can see every day, if we will but look at them, and which are beyond all comparison with the work of the most noted painters of the world.

So many of us sigh because we are not able to visit the picture galleries and art museums of the Old World, or of the large cities in our own country, and while we are wasting our time in unavailing regret at this, we are losing the sight of far more beautiful things in the way of clouds and clear skies, and beautiful sunsets that pass before us at our own doors.

Try it, you who long for the beautiful in art—look for the beautiful things that nature sends to you every day, and you will feel that there are always compensations for every disappointment.

I wonder sometimes if we have not all of us an especial duty toward others, during these bright and beautiful days; if we should not make an especial effort to see that those who are tired, and despondent, and borne down with the cares of the world, have an opportunity to get away from these cares and unhappy thoughts, and enjoy the happiness that is so free to all—the pure air, the bright September sunshine, and the peace that comes from a quiet, restful walk or ride through the September woods.

Do you know of a tired mother whose life is full of the little, wearing trials which, of themselves, are not of much account, but which endured day after day, week after week, make life almost unendurable? If you do, suppose you take her place in the home some day and do her work, or amuse her children and send her with a dainty luncheon and orders to make a day of it out of doors.

The luncheon that she did not have to prepare, and know the history of every sandwich, or pickle, or piece of cake, will be most welcome to her, and she will enjoy it with an appetite born of her walk, or ride. She will find the day all too short to enable her to think of all that will come to her while she is free from the worry and care of the home and children—though she loves them ever so dearly, and she will return to her work renewed in strength and courage.

And you can rest after your unusual labor, with the consciousness that you have been allowed the privilege of helping to feed a hungry soul.

When you gather Golden Rod for decorating your rooms, be sure that none of your family are at all inclined to hay fever or any similar trouble, as the pollen from this flower is said to be as effectual in bringing this trouble on to any one at all sensitive to this disease as are the roses in June, or the smell of new mown hay.

Now is a good time to purchase your Christmas gifts. "So soon!" you exclaim. Yes, so soon; for now everything is marked down to the very lowest figures, and the same goods will cost you two or three times as much later in the season.

Those who insist upon having the very latest novelties for gifts will, of course, wait and pay high prices, but there are very many beautiful things that make lovely presents, which can be bought now at a trifling price.

So with summer dress goods. These can be purchased at the close of the season at greatly reduced prices and laid away for the next summer. The styles do not change sufficiently to make this a risk, and if the goods are made up fashionably no one will think whether they were bought last year or this.

True economy in the household is like that on the stock and grain exchange—always buy when the prices are low.

Of all the birds that sing for us none are more welcome than our "Mocking Bird," who to-day makes us a second visit:

"As I have not lifted my voice in song since the early spring, I will come again this midsummer evening and sing a short medley, beginning with a song of thanks to "Dimple" for the little poem which she so kindly dedicated to me in remembrance of a few hastily penned words last spring.

"How glad I was to know that some one remembered and thought of them, and, dear Dimple, your little poem served its purpose in my heart for since I wrote in the spring things have not been all that they seem and it took all my gifts and others, too, to enable me to see the sunny side of the clouds. But, like the Micawbers, I am looking for something to 'turn up.'

We are just recovering from the effects of a "G. A. R. reunion," "Campfire," "Bean Eatin'," as it is variously called.

How I do wish some of the soldiers and soldiers' families of Ohio and The Blade readers could have been there to have partaken of the dust, hand-shaking, good dinners and speeches that we had.

A soldiers' grand-daughter myself, I could feel the patriotic blood of my ancestors tingle even though the dust was rising from beneath the tramping of 15,000 feet and settling on my hardly ironed collars and cuffs.

Madame Editor are young girls out of place in the Cozy Corner? If so, I must be out of my "sphere," although I don't feel so. I must stop now, as "company's coming" and though my song is horrid this time I will come again to tell of other things this fall.

"You alls come over and see we alls" and help us eats up those luscious watermelons which grow—no I mustn't tell, the very walls may conceal a small boy.

Thanks for the "Southern" invitation. Of course young girls are not out of place in the Cozy Corner, for are we not all young? Young hearts we all have, even though the hair may be grey, and the faces wrinkled with the cares of years, still we are young enough to enjoy a visit with the girls any time.

"Lil's" letter will recall to many mothers, the experiences of their boys and the condition of their backyards during the summer vacation, but no matter how the yard looks or how the children look while playing there, if only they are happy and safe:

"Last night when The Blade came and I read the letter of that mother in Colorado, I could wait no longer.

"Dear friend, don't my sympathy go out to you? Aren't there days when it seems as if I can not bear the noise? Husband says 'you must not let the children annoy you so.' Just as if I can help it when their voices seem to be playing a tatoo on my brain. Not that they always bother for we have some jolly times together; but when they do, I send them all out doors (in good weather) and in the back yard they construct wonderful houses, tents and wigwams, from old boards, pieces of carpet and an old quilt or two. This morning they have gone to invite two or three little friends to come and 'play Indian' with them.

"On stormy days they have their books, paper and pencil, and sometimes paste, papers and scissors. They don't make scrap-books historical, poetical, or pictorial, they make what they call 'designs,' and usually end by putting the whole in the fire; but it serves the purpose of keeping them entertained for a while.

"Don't whip the children unless you really must. Give them plenty of hugs and kisses. Children need them as much as the flowers need sunshine. The dear little things don't mean to be naughty. If there is one virtue more than another, that I try to incite in my boy it is promptness; my friends call me a crank on that subject.

"I want to thank the other dear friends for their very helpful and cheering letters. I read the Cozy Corner and M. G. R., page first every week."

Mary is nothing, if not practical. She seems to think of all of the little things that are needed in a family, in order that everything shall go smoothly, and she tells us of these things in such a pleasant way that we can enjoy hearing of them as well as profit by them. For instance, this talk on "Simple Remedies:"

No house should be without its medicine chest, which should contain castor oil, ammonia, borax, flaxseed, mustard, ginger and the like, also a supply of herbs, such as catnip, thorough wort sage, pennyroyal, cammomite etc. As many country people live several miles from a drug store or doctor, it is often very inconvenient to go to either one, and many dollars may be saved, as well as much suffering spared the little ones, if every mothers kept these simple remedies on hand, and knew how to use them.

Some of the most troublesome cases of diarrhea have been arrested by browning rice in the oven and grinding and preparing it like coffee. Give as much of this as the child will drink every hour or two until the bowels are checked. For constipation use a tea made of senna leaves, or give one-half a level teaspoonful of powdered licorice (which may be obtained at any drug store) once in three hours until it has the desired effect.

There is nothing better for simple sore throat or tonsilitis than a gargle made of a pint of water, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-half a teaspoonful of borax. It is ready to use as soon as the ingredients have dissolved, and will do no harm if a little is swallowed.

A salve for burns is made of a pint of linseed oil, a piece of beeswax the size of an egg, and a tablespoonful of turpentine. Heat the oil and beeswax together until the latter is dissolved, and stir the turpentine in while it is cooling. If you have no salve ready put linseed oil on the burn until you prepare it. Very serious burns have been cured by this remedy and without leaving a scar.

Hot water applications reduce inflammation and allay pain. Cloths wrung from hot water or a bag filled with hot salt will often cure toothache or neuralgia. A small piece of cotton batting saturated with ammonia and put in the cavity of a decayed tooth will usually stop it fror aching in a few minutes.

For cuts or wounds of any kind wash with water in which borax has been dissolved, and keep cloths wet with a strong solution of borax and water on the injured part. It will check the bleeding, and cause the wound to heal quickly. Borax is also one of the best purifiers and disinfectants known, and is perfectly harmless.

A cup of thoroughwort tea taken every morning for a week or two will arouse a sluggish liver, and make the patient feel like a new person.

"The problem of life is not to make life easier but to make men stronger."

V. G. D.:—The "egg" cure for rupture is applied after the patient retires. If the case is a very severe one, a truss, or bandage, may be used during the day especially.

Anna Keeler:—The editor was absent from the city when your letter arrived, and did not return till it was too late to answer it. She is very sorry that she could not help you.

Ruth S. write, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Miss Mary Law, Toledo, O., for information.

Will our friends please remember that they must send their name and address, and write with ink, on one side only of the paper, if they expect to see their letters in print? The editor is obliged to omit several good articles this week because these requirements were not observed.

Life's Gateways will be sent postpaid on the receipt of $1.00 by the author, Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O. It will make a splendid gift to a friend.

THE BLADE COOK.

A very convenient seasoning for soups can be prepared now for use in the winter.

Take equal quantities—say 1 oz.—of lemon peel, thyme, sweet marjoram and parsley, dry them in the oven, being careful that they do not burn, then pound in a mortar and rub through a sieve. Add 1 teaspoonful of celery seed (powdered) bottle and cork tightly. One teaspoonful of this is sufficient for 1 quart of soup. If you have no mortar in which to pound the lemon peel, before sifting it, it can be rolled on the molding board with the rolling pin, the only thing is to have all of the ingredients as fine and as thoroughly mixed as possible.

Several correspondents have asked for a recipe for canning vegetables. As a general rule amateurs are not as successful with these as with fruit, and if you live where you can purchase your canned corn, beans, etc., in the winter, it is the safest way to trust to the large canning companies rather than attempt the work yourself. However, for the benefit of any who may not wish to do this, I give you some recipes that have always proved successful. To can

Lima Beans.

Select perfectly sound beans, shell them and put them, uncooked, into glass cans, fill the cans with cold water. Place them in a boiler, on a frame, or some hay (to keep them from jarring), lay the covers on top of the cans, fill the boiler with cold water up to the necks of the jars. Cover the boiler closely and let it boil steadily for 3 hours, putting in more boiling water as that in the boiler evaporates. Remove the jars and fill to overflowing with boiling water, screw the tops on and let them stand in a cool place, but not where the air can strike them. When cold, tighten the tops and keep in a dark, cool place.

String Beans.

Cook in boiling water for 15 minutes, after stringing them and cutting them in small pieces, then fill your cans and seal immediately, as with fruit.

Corn.

Perfectly fresh corn must be used for successful canning. It should be picked the day it is used. Cut from the cob and pack tightly in glass cans, place in a boiler, as directed for lima beans, and boil continuously for three hours, being careful that there is sufficient water to make a full volume of steam all of the time. Lift the jars when done, and screw on the tops as tightly as possible, when cold, tighten them again and keep in a cool, dark place.

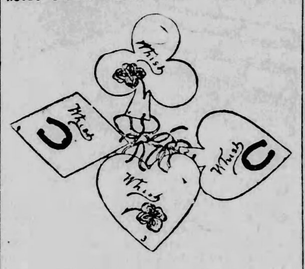
If an equal quantity of tomatoes be added to corn, it will keep better. The acid of the tomatoes will assist in preventing fermentation. Cook the tomatoes till quite thick, add the corn and let it cook slowly for 1 hour; then can and seal.

Tomatoes.

Scald them and remove the skins. Cut them in pieces and place in a porcelain kettle. Let it boil up once and then simmer for ½ or ¾ of an hour, according to the amount of liquid you care for in them. Seal and wrap with brown paper to exclude the light.

FANCY WORK CLUB.

Our first illustration this week is of score cards, which make very pretty

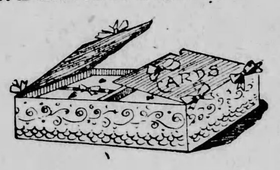


souvenirs of a game of whist which is now the popular game.

The figures are cut from thin cardboard, a visiting card will do—and the lettering and emblems are painted in delicate colors. A pencil is attached to each by a narrow ribbon, and the score of the game is kept on the plain side of the card.

The hearts and clubs are usually given to ladies, while the gentlemen take spades and diamonds.

A neat receptacle for the cards when not in use is shown in figure No. 2.



The box is made of carboard covered with white linen, on which is embroidered some dainty design. The cover is in two parts, and is fastened to the box by bows of ribbon. Bows also serve to lift the cover by.

Here we have an illustration of a dressing table which, Esther M. Jamison writes us, was evolved by her from a kitchen table, some cheese-cloth, an old mirrow whose frame was "not fit to be seen" a little white paint, a pair of bronze drawer pulls and four cigar-boxes.

The frame and legs of the table were painted with white enamel paint, the frame of the glass and the cigar-boxes being treated in the same manner, and these were also touched up with a little gold paint. The drapery, which extended across the front and both ends of the table, was of pale pink cheese-cloth. This was festooned over the mirror.

The top of the table was first covered with white Canton flannel, and over this was a scarf of the cheese-cloth, simply hemmed across the ends.

The cigar-boxes were fastened together in pairs, the cover of one box being removed, the top cover lifted by a pink ribbon bow. The front of each box was decorated with gold paint to resemble drawer pulls.

The table drawer was furnished with a pair of fancy pulls, and a quilted sachet covered the bottom of the drawer.

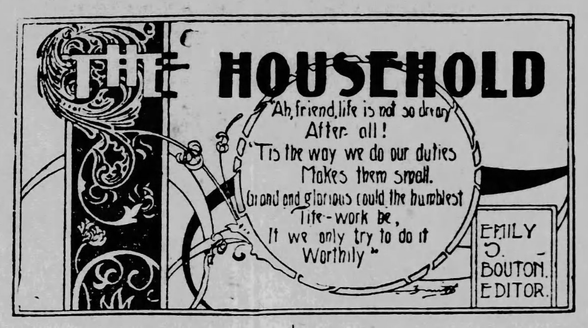
The cushions, etc., were of pink and white, the whole making a very pretty toilet table at about one-fourth of what it would have cost in the shops.

The Untidy Masculine.

I often think that the mother of a growing boy is positively unkind to her future daughter-in-law. If the boy is very young, his wife is of course a very remote contingency; nevertheless, in the course of nature the boy will be a man, and will probably take unto himself a wife, and she already has some rights which her mother-in-law in esse should respect. One of these is that the boy who is to be her husband shall be trained in habits of neatness. As a gentleman he will pay due attention to his person, but the chances are many that he will be untidy in many other respects. How many wives, mothers and sisters walk through the house "picking up" after husbands, sons and brothers! Not long ago, while visiting in the house of a physician, my hostess called me to come into the library, where her husband had spent his afternoon. The room, I knew, had been put in perfect order in the morning. My host had repaired thither for a siesta after lunch, and had remained there until 4 o'clock, when he was called out. Now in the middle of the floor were his slippers; his smoking-jacket draped the back of an easy chair; the couch was littered with the morning papers, a medical periodical, and a magazine lying open face downward. The slumber-robe from the couch was in a heap on the floor, a half-smoked cigar lay on the table, and the ashes from it were scattered over the polished table-top.

The wife laughed with affectionate amusement, and then sighed.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, as she folded the slumber robe, "that mothers are to blame for this kind of thing. If James had been a girl, his mother would have trained him in neatness. As he was a boy, she let him do as he pleased because he was a boy. My son" (just two years old) "shall be taught that if he leaves a thing out of place nobody but himself shall put it away for him. The day will come when his wife will thank me for making of him an exceptional husband."—Harper's Bazar.



THE QUAKER MOTHER

AND HER IDEA OF ALWAYS MEASURING THE VALUES OF THINGS.

Life's Strange Contrast as Seen in East New York—A Librarian's Judgment of Immoral Books.

That Quaker mother who did not place the weight of her authority upon her children in the ordinary matters in daily life, after advising them, was wise in her day and generation, although there are few who are as far seeing as she and as self-controlled. When questioned in regard to her attitude in this respect she said that she saw too many who expect no consequences from any of their actions, and then are crushed under their results. She wanted her boys and girls to learn to stop and weigh the values between what they want to do, and the price they must pay for doing it.

The opposite course is the one generally pursued. Children are prohibited from doing certain things and then when they disobey, every effort is made to save them from the consequences of such disobedience, in other words to shield them from the results. This mother began with her little ones very early, saying, "I do not think it is best for thee to do this," telling them why, but leaving them then to decide the matter for themselves, and also leaving them, whenever possible, to meet the effects, whatever they were, alone.

Of course, they often got into trouble by following out their own desires. It could not be otherwise, but they knew they must work out of it themselves. It developed courage and self-control, and, at the same time, a habit of weighing things in order to discover whether the gain in self-gratification would equal the pain that might follow. They learned to discriminate; to look upon all sides, in order not to be overwhelmed by consequences. They grew into the habit of checking their impulses until they had time to measure the value of what they would get by yielding to them.

You do not see, I presume, how the mother-love could have endured to watch the children doing what could not fail to bring them suffering. It would not have been possible had not the mother herself acquired the habit of looking beyond the present. She was really teaching those boys and girls the vital truth that they themselves, must be responsible for their own lives, both here and hereafter. A large share of the suffering in this world comes from the irresponsible, hap-hazard way of following out the desire of the moment for self-gratification without regard to the future.

Pausing "to weigh values," as the Quaker mother expressed it, is, in reality, or finally comes to be, pausing to listen to the inner voice, which never makes mistakes in the measurements it gives. If children are allowed to grow and strengthen in the belief that they can throw results upon others, they also crystalize into the feeling that self-gratification at any cost is the end and aim of life, and the inner voice is not heard. When the mother has lodged in the child's consciousness this sense of responsibility for his own actions, she has gone a long way towards educating him into a noble and useful manhood, one that will lead him to mingle with the practical duties of every day life a strong desire to help struggling humanity to higher levels, as well as to live there himself.

I was reading the other day of some of life's strange contrasts as discovered by some one who has been searching through the tenement lined streets of the poverty stricken districts of the East Side of New ork. The writer found there people of refinement and education, some of high attainments, graduates of European universities, who have come over to the United States with the thought of greater freedom, and greater opportunities than the old world offers. Arriving here and unable to speak more than a few words of English, they found work hard to obtain and finally have been compelled to accept some form of drudgery for which they are receiving the barest pittance.

Sometimes other things than a belief in the better chances in this country have brought them hither, but whatever be their troubles they make no moan, ask no aid, and starve if need be in this land of plenty. "The grimiest factory hand and the shabbiest work girl to be met with on an evening just after the whistle has blown may be the man and woman of culture." The writer mentions by name many cases of this kind, where the contrast is so great between the fitness of the individual and the only work that could be found to do, as to make one wonder how it can be endured and any degree of health of body and brain retained.

What lesson does the knowledge that these things are, convey? I think that of contentment to those whose hours are filled with duties which are pleasant, even if they sometimes grow monotonous. There is "a saving power in work," but when that work is a necessity for the winning of bread, it means life itself. And I do not wonder that men and women grow desperate when they walk the street day after day in search of employment, and go supperless to bed night after night because there is none to be found. We shall have a better world when the day comes that all who desire to be self-dependent through their own honest endeavor shall have the means placed within their reach so to do. Self-made paupers there are, but many more that are man-made, and so there is need of patience, of forbearance, of helpfulness toward the many who are idle, not from choice, but from compulsion.

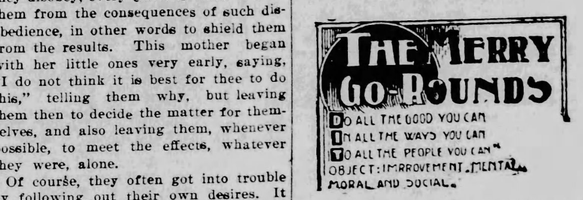
A librarian in the Public Library in Baltimore has, I understand, been seized with an ardent desire to elevate the taste and morals of the people, and so has ordered stricken from its catalogue the works of Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Bertha M. Clay and one other whose name I do not recall. I presume he now goes to bed and sleeps the sleep of the just, having a conscience void of offence.

I should like to look over the lists and see if he has used his pruning knife any further. I wonder if Hardy is represented by Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and others of that ilk of which he is the father; if Hall Caine's Manxman is given out to the youthful reader who inquires for that celebrated work; if some of Gertrude Atherton's questionable, if brilliant, stories still cumber the shelves; if—but why go on naming books whose influence is anything but pure and healthful, even it they are the products of what critics term genius!

It is true that a continual diet, made up of the works of any of those authors mentioned as cast forth, would not conduce to the increase of mental strength, especially in the young, but it is absurd to banish them on the score of morality, when there are so many which are more pernicious in their influence that find ready place in all libraries because they are written with the power that holds the mind captive. Realistic they may be, like Zola's for instance, and possibly showing the result of vice, but it is not necessary to go down into muddy waters to wash our linen in order to demonstrate how much nicer it looks white.

The motive of the Baltimore librarian is, doubtless, excellent, but his judgment, if he has been correctly reported, I question. Most libraries would be better for the sifting process, but if it is a matter of morals it will have to be carried much further than in this instance.

EMILY S. BOUTON.



Many of our friends, besides Zack Stubbs, came just a little too late for the picnic. "Country Greeney" arrived the next day with a guitar and a Punch and Judy show, for our entertainment. He was prepared to give us an exhibition of his powers of ventriloquism, and brought a bushel of fruit, plenty of luncheon for any one who might need it, and a bunch of flowers for Miss Prudence, for which she thanks him.

Crossie could not come, so she had a picnic of her own on that day. She thinks that "M. G. R." would look well in addition to the other titles earned by "Junius."

"Thistle," extends sympathy to "Flo," and bids her remember that "the meeting across the big divide" will more than pay us for the pain of parting here.

Ben Davis wrote a nice letter, but as he wrote on both sides of his paper, the M. G. R.'s will never have the pleasure of reading it. Come again, Ben, and next time remember the rule to write on but one side.

Rosie Lee, a new comer, did not know that in addition to the advice given above to Ben Davis, she must write with ink and be very careful to spell her words correctly.

Speaking of spelling, you would think—would you not—that after a person had "carefully read the M. R. R. column for more than a year," as a would-be member wrote me last week, that that person would know that the Chaperone did not spell her name Miss "Prudents" as this boy did, and that there is no such thing in the office as a "waist" basket? There mistakes, and others in the same letter, were all due to pure carelessness, for a little observation on the part of the writer to the M. G. R. column, would have taught him how to spell these words.

Here is one of our absentees who has returned to us, Forest, from W. Va.:

After a long absence, I thought I would enter the merry group again. I am surprised to see how the circle has grown since my last visit, and the improvement is so great that I fear my presence will not be acceptable at all. Nevertheless, I will try to evoke audacity enough to chat with the members awhile.

What has become of Philosopher, Raven, Marguerite, and more of our popular members of yore? So New England Girl has actually found her ideal eh? God bless her! I feared she was aiming too high, and would have to pass through the vicissitudes of this life without realizing her hopes. May those members who tried to reach the standard of her ideal survive their disappointment, and persevere in their endeavors, in order that they may be first in the field and in the pursuit of the next M. G. R. girl who places her ideal so high.

Florence, I think it is imagination to think a girl is blamed more for a wrong doing than a boy. I never noticed any distinction. Girls generally, are of a more sensitive nature than boys, and when censured, feel a deeper sense of remorse; while boys, when blamed, usually take it as a matter of course, and think but little about it.

In regard to your second question, I would say that we, as carnal beings, are apt to misjudge people. Those "gamblers" might not be so bad as represented and the matter of being poor sometimes excuses a person. Had not that $5 been used to bring food and happiness into a poor family, it might have been used by those characters in a manner as to cause misery, or even crime.

M. G. R.'s, which uses the better judgment in view of obtaining happiness, a woman selecting a husband, or a man selecting a wife?

Lydia writes:

Is there not a saloonkeeper's son who has been silently listening to the M. G. R.'s discussions? If there is one, why not speak out, brother, and tell us how you would like to have Christian people treat you?

Do you really believe that it would be impossible for you to persuade your father to quit the sale of liquor? Then, remember, my friend, that with God, all things are possible, and that we have a right to ask of Him any amount of strength that we may need in our endeavors to do good.

As if in answer to Lydia, a new correspondent comes to give us his personal experience. In a private note he explains that he does not take the liberty of asking to be admitted to our number (though he would greatly enjoy that privilege) because he fears that some of the members might object to associate, even on paper, with a saloonkeeper's son.

Allow me to introduce myself as a "Saloonkeeper's Son," who has gained courage to write to the M. G. R.'s from the kindly letters that have appeared in this department from time to time, in behalf of an imaginary son.

My father keeps a saloon, and has for many years. He is a quiet, well-behaved man, never allowing his place to become a noisy, peace-disturbing resort; he never invites or urges men to drink, and will not, under any circumstances, sell a glass of liquor to a boy less than 21 years of age. He gives liberally to church and charities, and has endeavored to bring up his children to be orderly and useful members of society.

My sisters and myself have been sent to good schools, away from home, because at home we were not given half a chance on account of our father's business, and among those who have made life the hardest for us, are the children of men who have made their money by gambling in stocks, or wheat, or something of that kind, and those who are known to be untruthful and dishonest in business affairs, and yet, because one man sold adulterated groceries or damaged dry goods whenever the chance offered, and another man sold liquor, there is a line drawn in society as to the reception of the children of these men; the liquor seller's children to be ostracized, because their father sells the liquor that the fathers of the other children drink, and who demand it every day.

If it were not for these men, there would not be any business for such men as my father, for his is what is called a "first-class" saloon and patronized only by the men whose children will not associate with us.

I am not upholding the liquor trade; I wish most earnestly that there was none of the vile stuff sold, but I am only giving you my idea of the injustice of society in my own case.

There are some people who make a great ado about associating with us. They tell every one they meet that they do not think it right to avoid us, etc., and always in a tone that implies that they are doing us a great favor and showing great condescension by going with us. For my part I had as soon be let alone as received in such a manner. We, my sisters and myself, are equals in education, refinement of manner, literary and musical tastes, etc., of any of the young people in our city, and if we are not to be received as equals, I do not consider that we are received in a Christian spirit.

We all attend church, and while our minister and some of the older members of the church say, "How do you do?" when we see them there, there is no cordiality in their voices, and they never invite us to their homes or to the social functions of the church, and yet every man in that church, unless it may be the minister, has drank at my father's bar, and many of them are under pecuniary obligations to him.

Now, I would like to ask of the M. G. R.'s, which is the worst as the father of a family, the thief, or the partaker; the man who sells the liquor, or he who drinks it and makes the business by demanding it?

Girls, did you notice "Kaela" alighting from her carriage (?) at the picnic? I think she must have reached home safely, for here she comes with some opinions:

I could not resist the temptation to come again, so here I am. In answer to one of your questions, I will tell you what I think of a Sunday school superintendent who will leave his Sunday school for the purpose which you mention. Firstly, I think that he did wrong for laboring for gain on the Sabbath, and secondly, his being absent from the Sunday school without a good excuse surely set a bad example for his scholars to follow.

Vivian, do not feel so sad over the loss of your sister. I have no brother, and you can adopt me if you want a sister.

Here is a nice, long, real chatty letter from our "Earnest Western" friend, who asks Miss Prudence if she may "some time send a M. G. R. poem." The idea of asking if you may! Of course, as often as you please.

I wonder if any of you have missed me in the least. I feel better acquainted than when I wrote before, so I will come again, as I want you to know me better and like me as well as I like all of you.

I was a teacher, and if you want to know why I use the past tense, just come over and see me some morning. No, come over and see me some morning. I have not quit teaching for good, nor have I lost my interest in the beloved work, but if you could see me some morning—up at 4:30—out hoeing and weeding my garden, hunting nests and caring for my chickens and turkeys, making, besides doing all kinds of housework, cooking and the dozens of other things to be done on a large farm, you might think I did not look much like a teacher, for I wear rather short, dark skirts, at least short for a young lady of—there, I nearly told my age, which I do not mean to do at present; and heavy shoes, also a very big sun bonnet.

Now, if Bonnie Burnie, Em T. Head and N. E. Girl do not give me a fraternal clasp of the hand because I, too, am "chief cook," I will not come again soon. Mamma has been gone six weeks to visit our married sister, and "we girls" have kept house.

I have been hoeing my cabbage this morning and am a little tired, so if Miss Prudence will permit, I should like to sit down by Jimmy Long and chat a few moments. I looked over some of the back numbers to see how old Mr. Perkins was, so that I would know how old "four years older" is, but I think I am older than you, so it will be all right for me to tell you how much I like you.

You are just my "ideal" of a boy, so far as I know. For my "ideal" is a manly, honorable, Christian gentleman, who does not use tobacco in any form, nor drink any intoxicating liquors. I shall not insist that he be rich if he is willing to work, and good looks count for naught as compared to a good heart and kindly disposition. To be sure, I am called a "crank" on a certain subject, and am often told that I will certainly be an "old maid," I am so very particular, but if I am, I shall be a happy, contented one at any rate.

Hurrah for Violet Gray and her wheel! But wait; you don't wear bloomers, do you? And Vivian's cousin, as well as Vivian herself, is a favorite. Florida seems a long way from Nebraska, but nevertheless, my thoughts followed you there, and I wonder if it is as hot there as here. Will New England Girl desert us entirely, now that she has been promoted to the position of mistress as well as "chief cook"?

Elouise, I think your question a very important one, and as we are all young people and many interested, I hope to see it fully discussed.

You may all disagree with me, but I think it is not best to go often, if at all, especially if the couple be engaged.

I hope to come sooner next time, so I will not have to stay so long.

Just as Miss Prudence was about to close the door of the Merry Go-Round to-day, a "Little Brown Sparrow," that had come all the way from Washington, hopped in, and was made very welcome, as all such cheerful, busy little birds always are, and this is what this Sparrow had to say to the M. G. R.'s:

Please do not push me away at my first attempt to write. I live on a farm, have a father, five brothers and an invalid mother, and only one pair of hands, so it keeps me pretty busy doing for them all.

I think our motto is an excellent one. It helps me every day. I tried the thought for Easter, and was well pleased with myself when I thought of what a success it was.

I hear so many shouts for Vivian that I would like to say a word for the rest of the boys. Every young man who has an intelligent, respectabe sister is proud of her, if he has any pride. And while he is just as anxious as Vivian to tell others how he appreciates her, he forgets to tell her so, until it is too late, and perhaps Vivian does that, too.

I notice that as soon as a young lady announces that she is a first-class cook, all of the boys want her. Now I say, boys, if all you want a wife for is to get a cook, you had better call at the pantry instead of the parlor, or get you a chinaman, as they are cheaper, and their nature doesn't require any pretense of affection. That would leave us girls for some more worthy young man.

German Ignoramus, I agree with you. I always speak first, and I have the best wishes of all the old or middle-aged people of my acquaintance.

... OUR YOUNG FOLKS ...

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

I know of a dear, delightful land,
Which is not far away,
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand
No matter how short the day;
Ah, there the skies are always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there's never a dream but must come true
In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there's nothing beautiful, brave, and bold
That one may not achieve,
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make-Believe.

So spread the sails, and away we go,
Light-winged through fairy seas,
For the west winds steadily fairly blow,
And the wonderful harbor waits below,
On our prow the foam-flecks shine and gleam,
While we sail from morn till eve,
All bound for the shores of the golden dream
Of the Land of Make-Believe.
—Guy Wetmore Carry in August St. Nicholas.

"RICH,"

The Little Confederate.

BY RUSSELL PAGE.

We were all boys when the war began, or rather "broke out," to use the common phrase. Of course everything connected with it was of interest to us. No one was too small to feel the enthusiasm which swept the whole country. The baby in its nurse's arms would be seen with a flag in its hand; the toddling boy would have a lath to represent a sword or a tobacco stick for a musket.

The oldest of us was Richard, or Rich, as we affectionately called him. He was 16, though rather small for that age. At the sight of a soldier his eyes glistened. We had looked on with pride once when a member of the captain's company, during a pause in the exercises, had lent Rich his musket and put him through some of the movements. "He'll be a soldier before very long," the man said. "Ain't quite tall enough yet to get out of a mud hole of he falls, marching 'long the road." Rich winced a little at this, but felt all right when another soldier said: "Boys like that ain't got no better sense 'an to fight. Yankee got to kill 'em or cripple 'em one, to stop 'em fighting."

This and much more was said. All of which was marked by us, and report of it made when we got home that day. Child as I was there is one thing I still remember about it. When it was told at the table where we were all seated, I happened to look from Rich's proud face to his mother's, and I saw on it such a look of sadness that it perplexed me until I was old enough to know what it meant.

As time passed, our life in the country was varied, now and then, by the sight of a troop of cavalry in place of the constant tramp of infantry. Twice the officers stopped at our house. It was after one of these visits that Rich's enthusiasm seemed beyond the possibility of restraint. He had been listening to the account of one of Stuart's rides. And when the troopers left our house the next morning, it required all the powers of persuasion of the officers and Rich's mother to prevent his going to join the cavalry.

It was the only time I ever saw Rich rude to his mother, but that day I was ashamed of him, though we all sympathized with him. We knew that he must make a fine soldier, and would possibly be a colonel by the time he was twenty. He was finally reconciled by being promised a place on the officer's staff, and told he might go to take it in a month.

Time never crept more slowly than it did through that thirty days so Rich thought; though I do not now think that his mother thought so. No letter ever counted the days when his sweetheart was to be his brade more anxiously than Rich counted those days. At last the day came. We were all to see him off, and our cousins from the neighborhood were assembled to dine with the young soldier. "Uncle Billy" led the sorrel colt up to the gate. It was a "Planet" colt, and Rich had broken it himself, not without several falls, however. The blanket rolled up behind the saddle looked very soldier like. Rich kissed all the girls and shook hands with us boys. We felt that we were in the presence of a hero. The last person he said good-bye to was his mother. I wondered then why she held him so long in her arms, and still more why there were tears in her eyes. I remember that all she said when she let him go, was: "Be a good boy, my darling, and say your prayers." She knew as well as we did, so we thought, that Rich would be a good soldier, and would kill a whole lot of Yankees and come back a general.

We missed Rich terribly. Indeed we had never been separated before, since I could remember, except that time he went to Richmond and saw the Washington statute unveiled, and brought me back my bobby horse. Every now and then Rich's mother would say, "I wonder if he has gotten there by this time?" or "I wonder how Rich likes being a soldier," or, "I wonder if Rich will be homesick?"

We had finished supper, and were altogether in the little room, and were having a good time. We were listening to one of cousin Fanny's ghost stories, and Rich's mother who had been busy as she and our doing a thousand things, had just taken her seat; for she said she wanted to hear the story, too.

The fire was so low that she leaned over to count the stitches on her needle, and I heard her say that that was because I was so close to her, and was leaning on her shoulder when she whispered it to herself). "With heavy cavalry boots it will take ten more stitches." Just then the door opened and there before us was Rich's ghost. I knew it was a ghost, and did not find out it was Rich, until he threw himself into his mother's arms, and burst out crying. Then I knew it was not a ghost, for cousin Fanny always said a ghost did not shed tears.

And this was the way it happened. As Rich was riding merrily down the road, and was about to gallop across the bridge, which he would not have done except that he was so anxious to get to the army, two men stepped out and said: "What are you in such a hurry about, sonny? Seen any Yankees?" And Rich said, No, he only wished he could. Then one of them said, "Good many of 'em about, ain't there?" And Rich said, "They better not be about where our men are for they won't be there long." "Why not?" asked the man. And Rich said, "Cause we'll drive them away." But the biggest man said, "May be they are like that colt, that ain't got any collar mark on him, and won't drive." But Rich said, "Yes, they will, and I'm going over to help drive them now. And I haven't got any more time to lose and I must go."

But the man with the blue overcoat on said, "Sonny, you can drive 'em fast enough on foot, and don't need a horse, so get down." At first Rich said he wouldn't. But the point of the bayonet looked very sharp, and was so close to his face.

So Rich got down; but he told the man he would report him to General Lee and General Lee was his mother's friend. But the man said General Lee was a great friend of his, and said he would give his love to General Lee and tell him his friend, Charles Dennison of Iowa, sent his love to him.

Then it came to Rich for the first time that the Yankees had him, and that he was a prisoner. He wondered what they would do with him. Would they shoot him off to prison, or would they shoot him off before their general? What soldiers did the young Romans have in history?

He did not have to wait long then. For one of the men got on Rich's horse and rode away very fast, and the other man said to Rich, "It's time for boys like you were in bed. Let me tell you, you can drive 'long that road and find home. And give my love to General Lee when you see him."

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES

What are your thoughts as you blossom from flowers,
And nod in the sunshine through many summer days?
Smiling and growing through many hours,
Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays.

What do I see in your sweet little faces?
Dainty they are in their tints matchless,
Lessons for all in the world's busy places,
Colors blue, white, royal purple and gold.

Smiling though drear be the weather and cheerless,
Lifting your heads to the rain's coming shower,
Gem of the flowery creation—thou'rt peerless,
Surely has Flora blessed thee with a dower.

Thy resting place lowly, still upward thou gaz

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every edu-

THE LATTIMER SHOOTING.

Public Sentiment Condemns the Deputies.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 11.—Deputy sheriffs armed with rifles poured three deadly volleys at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon into a body of strikers who were marching on the public highway near Lattimer, a small mining town, five miles from here.

Twenty-two of the strikers were killed, thirteen others were fatally injured, and between sixty and seventy more were more or less severely wounded. The bullets were poured into their ranks without provocation sufficient to warrant even a clubbing.

The strikers, numbering about 250, met early in the afternoon at the Harleigh and Cranberry mines, not far from Lattimer, and, after an informal meeting, resolved to march to Lattimer to induce the men to join their ranks. This has been their mode of procedure during the three weeks of the strike.

The men started for Lattimer at 2:30 o'clock. They were not armed in any way, all revolvers and knives having been discarded several days ago by order of their leaders. There was not even a club among them, every precaution having been taken to prevent violence.

It was a little after 3 o'clock when the marchers neared the Lattimer colliery intending to go through it and ask the men to give up their work and join them. Two hundred yards from the breaker they found their path blocked by Sheriff Martin and ninety of his deputies.

The sheriff then walked up to the head of the line.

"You must stop marching and disperse," he said. "This is contrary to the law, and you are creating a disturbance. You must go back. I won't let you go on to the colliery."

The leaders expostulated with the sheriff and said they had been marching in this way ever since the strike commenced. Even in Hazleton they had marched and had not been molested. The citizens had cheered them and the police had seen that no rowdies disturbed them.

Sheriff Martin replied he could not help that. He was not going to allow them to march, and they must disperse.

A dozen or so of the men in the foremost ranks were by this time crowded around him, arguing that as American citizens they had a perfect right to parade as much as they liked as long as they did not disturb the peace.

Finding that his words had no effect, Sheriff Martin said that he would read the riot act to them, and he proceeded to do so.

Most of the strikers did not understand this, for few of them can speak English, and, thinking it was some sort of a warrant for their arrest, they crowded around him. Bystanders say that in the crowding Sheriff Martin was offered no violence, but was only jostled about because the men were anxious to know what he was reading, and those behind pushed on those in front.

The sheriff, however, seemed to think he was in danger, and he pushed his way out of the ring around him and tried to get back to his line of deputies. The strikers made way for him, and just as he emerged from their ranks a voice was heard shouting:

"Fire! Fire on them!"

The next instant the deputies had leveled their rifles and a terrible volley was poured into the huddled mass of strikers at close range.

The first volley came so unexpectedly that for an instant the strikers huddled together before they regained their presence of mind and ran. In that instant another volley was poured into them, and they fell before it in heaps.

The smoke of the rifles hung over them a cloud, and for some moments concealed the terrible execution that had been done. On the outskirts of the cloud scores of the men were seen running, but at these the deputies fired another volley.

After their murderous work had been done, the deputy sheriffs retreated slowly toward the breaker, and the residents in the vicinity, recovering from their fright, ran toward the spot where the dead and wounded were lying, the wounded moaning piteously.

The place was a veritable shambles. The quiet street was red with blood, and blood was on the fences and tracked into many of the houses into which the wounded had run or crawled. The road was deep in dust, and the dead and wounded were covered with it, their faces, distorted with pain, were black with it, and the hands that sought their wounds and tried to stop the flow of blood were muddy with the horrible mixture.

In the meantime villagers, aided by men from the mines who voluntarily left their work to aid the wounded, carried the unfortunates to the stores and houses along the road.

Twenty or twenty-five not very seriously wounded men were taken to their homes by their friends. Many of these hurried away as quickly as possible after the shooting, and it is impossible to locate them.

It was long after 6 o'clock before the confusion had abated sufficiently to allow any count of the dead and wounded. It was then found that fourteen men had been instantly killed, three more had died soon after and two had died on the cars while being carried to Hazleton.

There were thirty-nine seriously wounded men in the hospital, and of these three died by 8 o'clock. It is expected that seven more will die before morning, and there are at least six others whose chances of recovery are slight.

This makes the list of dead at 10 o'clock last night 22.

The seriously wounded number 36.

The slightly wounded are estimated to be between thirty and forty.

Thus, more than a hundred men were killed or wounded by the rifles of less than ninety deputies.

THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

He First Ordered the Deputies to Fire in the Air.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 11.—Sheriff Martin arrived home on the 7 o'clock train last evening, from Hazelton. He was cool and collected. He was met at the depot by his legal adviser. The two got into a cab and drove to the courthouse, where they were closeted together for some time. The sheriff was at first reluctant to say whether he had given the command to fire, but afterwards admitted he had. The statement is as follows:

"I heard early this morning that the strikers were going to march to the breaker at Latimer and compel the men there to quit work. I resolved to interfere with them, and if possible prevent them from reaching the breaker. One of my deputies told me the strikers would probably be heavily armed. I got my deputies, 70 in number, to meet at a certain place. They were all armed. I told them to keep cool under all circumstances. The trouble began at 3 o'clock. I met the marching column. I halted it and read the proclamation. The men refused to pay any attention, and started to resume their march. Then I called to the leader to stop. He ignored my order. I then attempted to arrest him. The strikers closed in on me. They acted very viciously, kicking me, knocking me down, and tramping upon me. I called upon my deputies to aid me, and they did so, but they were unable to accomplish much.

"I realized that something had to be done at once, or I would be killed. I called on the deputies to discharge their firearms into the air over the heads of the strikers, as it might probably frighten them. It was done at once, but it had no effect whatever on the infuriated foreigners, who used me so much the rougher and became fiercer and fiercer, more like wild beasts than human beings. The strikers then made a still bolder move, and endeavored to surround my entire force of deputies. I fully realized that the foreigners were a desperate lot, and valued life at a very small figure. I also saw that parleying with such a gang of infuriated men was entirely out of the question, as they were too excited to listen to reason, and that myself and deputies would be killed if we were not rescued or if we did not defend ourselves.

"I then called upon the deputies to defend themselves and shoot if they must to protect their lives or to proptect the property they had been sent to guard. The next second there were a few scattered shots fired into the foreigners, and a moment later the entire force of deputies discharged a solid volley into the crowd. I hated to give the command to shoot, and was awful sorry that I was compelled to do so, but I was there to do my duty, and I did it as best I knew how, and as my conscience dictated, as the strikers were violating the laws of the commonwealth and flatly refused to obey the proclamation that I had read to them. They insisted on doing violence and disobeying the laws. The scene after the shooting was simply terrible, and I would have willingly not had it occur, but as a public official I was there to see that the law was obeyed and lived up to, and I merely did my duty.

"Some of the foreigners fell over dead and others badly wounded. Some were rushing hither and thither, seeking places where they would be shielded from more shots. Others were aiding their wounded comrades to a place of safety. The entire crowd of foreigners, as soon as the volley had been fired by my deputies, turned and started to retreat. They rushed off in all directions as fast as they could, taking as many of their dead and wounded with them as they were able to carry in their hurry. The excitement was simply terrible, and I would not go through another ordeal of the kind for a fortune."

In another interview Sheriff Martin said he first met the marching miners at West Hazleton. He asked them where they were going, and they replied, "We are going to Lattimer to get the men out there." Then the sheriff and seventy deputies, armed with Winchesters and revolvers, boarded a trolley car for Lattimer, and, marching down the public road, headed off the column of Poles and Huns. According to Martin's story, when the strikers reached the line of the deputies he ordered them to halt and disperse. One of the Huns said, in broken English, "Go to ——, you ——." Martin then attempted to arrest the man who made the remark, and, as he claims, was fiercely assaulted by the man's friends.

Martin was asked, "When you met the men, were they on company property or on the public road?"

He replied, "No, they were on the public road."

"Were they marching toward Lattimer's?"

"Yes."

"Had they up to that time committed any overact or acted otherwise than peaceably?"

"No."

"Why, then, did you order the deputies to fire?"

"I did not order the deputies to fire. Some one else did that. First came a single shot and then a volley. I gave no order."

"How many me were killed?"

"There were twelve dead when I left and about forty wounded."

"Were any of your men hurt?"

"One of my deputies was shot through the arm."

Sheriff Martin, when he reached Wilkesbarre, was badly scared. Though he claims to have been brutally assaulted, when seen he did not have a mark on his person to show that he had been roughly handled. All classes of citizens in this city and county unite in condemning Sheriff Martin's hasty action.

MILITIA ON GUARD.

Regiments of Troops Hurrying to the Scene of the Riot.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 11. — All the Schuylkill county companies of the Eighth regiment left for Hazleton between 7 and 9 o'clock this morning. Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, commander of the Third brigade, is at Hazleton, in command of the troops.

Details from the Fourth regiment companies left for Harrisburg at 9 o'clock this morning to obtain camp material, which will be forwarded to Hazleton at once.

GEN. SNOWDEN IN COMMAND.

Governor Places Him in Charge of Movement of Troops.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 11.—Major General Snowden, commanding the First Brigade, reached this city this morning and was at once placed in charge of the movement of the troops by Governor Hastings. The governor has postponed his visit to the Blue Mountains, and will remain at the executive mansion until the trouble at Hazleton is ended. Word was received at noon from Hazleton that General Gobin was on the scene and that several regiments had arrived. Orders were received that General Schall was to have the First Brigade ready to be moved in an hour's notice.

Lieut. William F. Richardson was placed in charge of the state arsenal last night in the absence of Keeper Nesbit. Richardson is a hustler, and he had all the equipment for the Third Brigade on cars ready to move at 7 o'clock this morning.

The governor's troop of this city started at 7 o'clock this morning for the strike region, and was followed in two hours by the City Grays.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11.—The First Brigade, National Guard of Pennsylvania, which is composed of Philadelphia regiments, is in readiness to go to Hazleton should their services be required there. The brigade has received instructions from Harrisburg to hold themselves subject to quick orders from the governor. Major General Snowden left for Harrisburg on the 4:30 a. m. train, and Adjutant General Stewart left on the 8:30 a. m. train for the state capitol. A conference will be held there between these officers and the governor regarding the situation at Hazleton.

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The Curtis Publishing Company
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SHERIFF MARTIN.

MASS MEETING

Of Lithuanians, Poles, Hungarians and Slavonians.

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TERRIBLE COLLISION.

All Caused by a Miscarriage of Orders.

Emporia, Kas., Sept. 9.—Last night's head end collision on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe proves the worst disaster that has occurred on that system in many years. Ten people were killed outright, or soon died of their injuries, and 15 others were more or less seriously injured. One or two of the wounded may succumb. That the wreck did not result more seriously seems miraculous. A miscarriage of orders caused the wreck.

William J. Bryan, who was a passenger on one of the trains, escaped uninjured, and aided materially in rescuing the unfortunates and alleviating their sufferings.

The wrecked trains were the fastest in the service—the fast mail, eastbound, and the California and Mexico express, westbound. Each was running at the rate of 40 miles an hour or over.

The wreck occurred at 7:30 last evening, three miles east of Emporia, on a small culvert that crossed a dry stream. The culvert was not more than 10 feet wide, and the foremost engine of the westbound train had spanned it when the collision occurred. The embankment approaches to this culvert were 10 feet high. This added to the danger.

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COLORADO DISASTER.

Passenger Train Collided With a Heavy Freight.

Newcastle, Colo., Sept. 10.—The most disastrous railway wreck that has ever happened in Colorado, occurred at 12:15 this morning, a mile and a half west of this town. Denver & Rio Grande passenger train No. 1 west bound, collided with a Colorado Midland stock train, going east, wrecking both engines and seven cars in both trains. Shortly after the collision fire broke out in the ruins. The mail, baggage and express cars, smoker, day coach and a tourist sleeper were burned. A number of passengers, and about forty wounded.

"Were any of your men hurt?"

"One of my deputies was shot through the arm."

Sheriff Martin, when he reached Wilkesbarre, was badly scared. Though he claims to have been brutally assaulted, when seen he did not have a mark on his person to show that he had been roughly handled. All classes of citizens in this city and county unite in condemning Sheriff Martin's hasty action.

MILITIA ON GUARD.

Regiments of Troops Hurrying to the Scene of the Riot.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 11. — All the Schuylkill county companies of the Eighth regiment left for Hazleton between 7 and 9 o'clock this morning. Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, commander of the Third brigade, is at Hazleton, in command of the troops.

Details from the Fourth regiment companies left for Harrisburg at 9 o'clock this morning to obtain camp material, which will be forwarded to Hazleton at once.

GEN. SNOWDEN IN COMMAND.

Governor Places Him in Charge of Movement of Troops.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 11.—Major General Snowden, commanding the First Brigade, reached this city this morning and was at once placed in charge of the movement of the troops by Governor Hastings. The governor has postponed his visit to the Blue Mountains, and will remain at the executive mansion until the trouble at Hazleton is ended. Word was received at noon from Hazleton that General Gobin was on the scene and that several regiments had arrived. Orders were received that General Schall was to have the First Brigade ready to be moved in an hour's notice.

Lieut. William F. Richardson was placed in charge of the state arsenal last night in the absence of Keeper Nesbit. Richardson is a hustler, and he had all the equipment for the Third Brigade on cars ready to move at 7 o'clock this morning.

The governor's troop of this city started at 7 o'clock this morning for the strike region, and was followed in two hours by the City Grays.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11.—The First Brigade, National Guard of Pennsylvania, which is composed of Philadelphia regiments, is in readiness to go to Hazleton should their services be required there. The brigade has received instructions from Harrisburg to hold themselves subject to quick orders from the governor. Major General Snowden left for Harrisburg on the 4:30 a. m. train, and Adjutant General Stewart left on the 8:30 a. m. train for the state capitol. A conference will be held there between these officers and the governor regarding the situation at Hazleton.

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The accident occurred at the worst possible point. Two minutes' running time and they would have avoided the wreck, as each engineer could have seen the approach of the other train. The trains collided on a curve or bend round a mountain, and there was no opportunity to avoid the wreck, or even to slacken their speed. The surviving trainmen say the trains were not running fast, but the facts seem to be that both the passenger and freight were going at full speed—about twenty miles an hour for the passenger, and ten or twelve for the freight.

BIG WHEAT SHORTAGE.

Such Are the Reports That Come From All Sides.

Washington, Sept. 8.—W. P. Atwell, commercial agent of the United States at Robaix, France, sends to the state department a report on the short wheat crop in France. He says the crop in France, and in fact, in all Europe, has fallen much below the average, and that it is estimated that the United States and Canada will be called upon to export from 120,000,000 to 130,000,000 bushels more than they exported to Europe last year. France will require about 60,000,000 bushels to meet the deficiency in that country.

Consul Heenan, at Odessa, has made quite an extensive report concerning the failure of the crop in Russia. The report predicts that little wheat will be exported from Russia during the season of 1897-8, as there is little available for that purpose, the old stocks being practically exhausted, and the new crop little more than sufficient for the home demand.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

Foraker, Hanna and Foster Speak at Burton.

Burton, O., Sept. 11.—This little town in the heart of the Western Reserve, put on holiday airs this morning, and proceeded to entertain several thousand enthusiastic Republicans from all points in Northeastern Ohio.

The occasion is the formal opening of the Republican campaign in this section of Ohio, and the attractions in the way of speakers are such as to insure an immense crowd, for the orators are none other than Senators Foraker and Hanna, ex-Governor and ex-Secretary Foster and Hon. J. J. Sullivan, president of the Ohio League of Republican clubs.

The crowd began arriving early this morning. Immense delegations came in from Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown and Canton, while every village sent a large quota of its citizens to swell the throng. These delegations brought bands of music with them, and these with a profusion of banners, flags and bunting gave an added inspiration to the occasion. And the farmers were out in force. They had harvested their crops, and had sold their wheat and wool at good figures, and so they took the day off to see that the Republican campaign was properly started.

Senator Foraker made one of his characteristic speeches, full of fire and every sentence loaded for Democrats. He stirred up tremendous enthusiasm and Senator Hanna and ex-Governor Foster kept the fires burning until late in the afternoon. The speeches were all well received and the day was voted a success by the thousands who participated.

AT WASHINGTON C. H.

Grosvenor and Thurston Talk True Republicanism.

Washington C. H., O., Sept. 11.—The Republicans of Southern Ohio opened the state campaign in magnificent style here this afternoon. The city began to fill up early in the day, and by 1 o'clock p. m. a magnificent crowd had gathered at the speakers' stand.

Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor and Lieut. Gov. Jones, the orators of the day, arrived on the B. & O., and were met at the train by the Fourteenth regiment band, the reception committee and others, and escorted through the principal streets to the Cherry Hotel, where they dined. The Fourteenth regiment band gave an open air concert prior to the speaking.

Senator Thurston delivered an eloquent and interesting speech. He paid his respects to Wm. J. Bryan's recent letter explaining why wheat is going up while silver goes down. His description of the growth and prosperity of the country under Republican rule was very inspiring. Lieut. Gov. Jones' speech bore principally on state issues, and General Grosvenor handled both national and state affairs in a masterly way.

REPUBLICANS AT NEWARK

Listened to Speeches by Bushnell and Burrows.

Newark, O., Sept. 11.—The opening gun of the Republican state campaign in Newark and Central Ohio was fired here to-day. It was fired under most auspicious circumstances and in the presence of thousands of people, representing not only this town and county, but every adjoining town and county, while many came from even more distant places.

Governor Bushnell and Senator Burrows, of Michigan, were present and were the recipients of the most kindly reception. With them were many state officials and prominent men from all sections of the state. There was a good representation of colored people and these were enthusiastic in giving evidence of their allegience to the state ticket. It was among the greatest meetings that have ever been held in this portion of the state and shows the interest the voters are taking in the coming campaign and their desire to attest to Republican principles.

Delightful weather, and a city filled with enthusiastic people greeted the visitors and made their stay one of pleasure.

The Governor, Senator Burrows and party were taken in carriages through the principal streets to the hotel where an informal reception was held and many called to pay their respects. The meeting was held in the Court House Square at 1:30 and presided over by Dr. D. B. Purinton, president of the Dennison University. Upon the stage were the Governor, Senator Burrows and the members of the local committee, in addition to the other distinguished guests. Several selections were sung by the glee club, and the speaking was then begun. Throughout close interest was given and the speakers were frequently applauded. The Governor and party leave for home immediately upon the close of the meeting, the Governor going to Springfield where he will remain until Monday.

ONE MILLION LOST.

Result of the Failure of J. R. Willard & Co.

New York, Sept. 10.—One million dollars is the estimated loss to customers caused by the failure in New York yesterday of J. R. Willard & Co., bankers and brokers of the bucket-shop type.

Associated with Mr. Willard were Elmer and Jay Dwiggins, nephews of Zimri Dwiggins, who became notorious in 1893 for the frequency with which his name was associated with Western bank failures, including that of the Columbia National of Chicago.

Guy Arbogast, the firm's confidential clerk, was the head of the blind pool concern of Arbogast & Co., which was driven out of Chicago two years ago by the postal authorities.

The victims of the failure are distributed throughout the United States and Canada, the firm having branch offices in Buffalo, Philadelphia, and Montreal, besides at least 100 correspondents in other cities.

Mr. Willard lost his membership in the Chicago Board of Trade nearly a year ago because of his connection with the firm. He claims to have withdrawn from it last April, though this is denied by the assignee.

The losses, from the firm's manner of doing business, will fall upon the customers. While the company undoubtedly did considerable brokerage business and caused the execution of many orders in other cases, it took the trade itself, or, in other words, "bucketed" the orders. This fact is admitted by the assignee, who stated that the failure was due to the firm being on the wrong side of the market. The advances had been too much for it and it had to go under, pulling down with it a mass of paper profits of its customers.

The assignment was not altogether a surprise. Rumors that the company was in difficulty were circulated on Wall street yesterday. They took various forms, such as the disappearance of the cashier of a commission house with the funds of the concern. Some of the rumors were undoubtedly false and others exaggerated, but that they had much basis is now apparent.

SHOWING UP SPOOKS.

Sensational Turn in the Anti-Spiritualist Move.

Anderson, Ind., Sept. 10.—The National Anti-Spiritualist convention took a sensational turn yesterday, and W. R. Covert, the treasurer, backed by the association, issued a challenge to Moses Hull, the champion of Spiritualism, for a debate on the question. Hull has not officially accepted the challenge yet, but he states that he will do so at once.

The debate will either be held in Columbus, O., St. Louis, or at this point, and will take place within the next two weeks. It will last a week or ten days, and, both being backed by their national associations, the affair will become one of interest to all Spiritualists and anti-Spiritualists.

Covert also issues a challenge to all mediums to appear before him and produce any phenomena, and if he is not able to reproduce and expose it he will pay $1,500 cash to the medium. He has the national association behind him in this. Things are nearing an interesting crisis.

COAL STRIKE SETTLED.

Miners' Convention Finally Votes In Its Favor.

Columbus, O., Sept. 13.—The coal miners' strike is practically settled. The 65 cent rate for the Pittsburg district has been adopted. Upon this basis the miners and operators in other states are expected to make terms. The following resolutions adopted at 5:40 Saturday evening decided the great contest:

"Resolved, That we, the miners of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in convention assembled, do hereby agree to accept the proposition recommended by our national executive committee, viz: 65 cents in Pittsburg district, all places in above named states where a relative price can be obtained to resume work and contribute liberally to the miners who do not receive the advance where the fight must be continued to a bitter finish.

"Resolved, That the national officers, executive board and district presidents act as an advisory board for the purpose of providing ways and means for the carrying on of the strike where necessary, providing, however, that no district resume work for 10 days for the purpose of giving miners in other districts time to confer with their operators and get the price if possible."

Weary of the long contest and their ears even now ringing with the wail of weeping wives and starving children, the anti-settlement members of the convention finally acquiesced and the vote on the resolution rejected Saturday morning stood at night 495 for, 317 against and 11 not voting. The last stand had been made. The surrender was complete. To-day will see a resumption in every field. The few even who stand out for the ten days' limit will find themselves out in the cold at the end of that time. Illinois miners will not permit the depleted lake trade to go entirely to the miners in the Pittsburg district. Neither will the Indiana, nor the Ohio, nor the West Virginia miners. One of the most prominent members in the Illinois delegation said:

"I predict that this is the last miners' strike in the history of the country. We have been bunkoed unmercifully. We have been used as tools to further the standing of a few with a wealthy and influential clique who have organized labor by the throat.

"West Virginia can never again be induced to go into a strike for living wages. Mr. Ratchford's stupendous bluff has been called. Some one has got the game, and the miners of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia are holding an empty bag.

"Of course, the establishment of the 65-cent rate in the Pittsburg district means temporarily 56 cents in Ohio. J. S. Morton and Thomas E. Johnson, the latter the manager for the Hanna Coal company, say that they will —— the 56-cent rate as soon as the Pittsburg operators begin to pay the 65-cent rate. But, as Mr. Johnson himself said a week ago: 'The miners will have to treat with DeArmitt as best they can.'"

RETURNING TO WORK.

General Scramble to Get Employment in the Mines.

Columbus, O., Sept. 14.—President Ratchford was asked to-day what he had to say of the general disregard of the ten days further sustension of work by the miners. He replied that he never supposed they could be kept out of the mines after resumption had been determined upon.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 14.—The machine cutters at the Darr mine of Osborne and Saeger went to work Monday morning and the men resumed at the Jumbo No. 1 mine of the Robbins Coal Company. The miners of the Eclipse, Anderson, Hackett, Nottingham and Germania, on the Wheeling division, also met yesterday and after hearing a report from the delegates to Columbus, decided to ignore the ten days' clause and to resume work in the morning. J. J. O'Neil received word from the men at the Webster mine Sunday that they would resume next morning. The miners in the vicinity of McDonald also decided to get into the pits and it is believed that by Thursday the mines will have generally resumed.

Meetings were held yesterday all over the district and in anticipation of a general resumption the operators have everything in readiness for the diggers to begin work at a moment's notice.

Delegates arriving from the Columbus convention tell stories of how barrels were tapped at Columbus, Chicago, and Wueeling, and how delegates hired by Illinois and West Virginia operators fought to prolong the strike so as to weaken the Pittsburg district, to enable them to get some of its immense tonnage.

M. D. Ratchford, national president, and Patrick Dolan, district president, both expressed themselves privately that they were thoroughly disgusted at the actions of the delegates from Illinois and West Virginia and the cupidity of some Ohio delegates who wished to continue the strike for political reasons. Last night President Dolan met in conference with the original committee of seven, representing the big thirteen," or lake shippers. After the meeting Mr. Dolan said he had told the operators that the ten day clause in the Columbus settlement was a farce and that he would not interfere in any way with any miners who wished to return to work any day before the ten days had expired.

It is the operators' intention to make a concerted effort to have the Pittsburg miners in a body secede from the national organization and form an association for this district alone. The facts concerning the Columbus convention will be laid before the delegates to the convention Wednesday and it is believed the whole district will be running in full by Thursday morning.

PEARLS WITHOUT PRICE.

Jewelers Pronounce the Arkansas Gems Valueless.

St. Louis, Sept. 9.—Judging from the experience of St. Louis jewelers the pearl fisheries of the west and southwest are not proving very profitable. Thousands of "specimens" have been sent to this city for inspection and sale, and of the entire lot only a dozen or so have been accepted. It is evident that the farmers and others who are doing the fishing know very little about pearls.

The excitement in Arkansas and some points of Missouri, Kansas and Tennessee over the pearl fisheries has been intense. Reports received from those districts show that all other lines of industry have practically been abandoned. Men, women and children have searched rivers and ponds from morning till night in the delusion that the bits of gravel taken from the mussel shells were pearls of great price. They may have been of pearl formation, but as for their having any great value, it is a mistake.

Occasionall a really good "button" was found that had a market value of from $5 to $150. It is known, moreover, that 11 perfect pearls have been found, but they all come from one town in Kansas. Many packages arrive at the leading houses daily. They are inspected, resealed and sent back with a polite note to the effect that the offering is worth less.

EX-QUEEN LIL.

Proposes to Return to Hawaii and Reside at Honolulu.

Chicago, Sept. 8.—Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, accompanied by her traveling companions, J. Heleihe and Mrs. Wakiki, arrived in Chicago yesterday from Washington, and spent the day in sightseeing. The party leaves at once for San Francisco.

Secretary Heleihe said the queen and her party will remain in San Francisco but a few weeks, when they will return to Washington.

"We will most likely return to Honolulu next winter," he continued. "Queen Liliuokalani is resolved to return to her native country and will live permanently at the capital city of Hawaii."

When asked what the queen's motive was in coming to this country and visiting Washington, the secretary remained silent. He said the queen had many loyal followers in Hawaii, but refused to state whether she cherished ambitions to again become ruler of Hawaii.

One thousand styles and sizes. For cooking and heating. Price from $10 to $70.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Often imitated. Never equalled.

MICHIGAN STOVE RANGES
—next in quality to "Garlands."

HIS SISTER'S BODY.

Young Doctor Found It In the Dissecting Room.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 13.—In the dissecting room of the county hospital Sunday morning was enacted as dramatic a scene as ever came within the range of fiction. Dr. W. T. Kirby was about to perform an autopsy on the body of Minnie Heath, a young girl, who had committed suicide. A young physician who had just come from Louisville, Ky., was present to witness the autopsy under intelligent guidance. Together they went to the dissecting room. The young doctor said he was in for proof. There was only a half light in the place at the time, and as one of the attendants drew the sheet down Dr. Kirby heard a half-stifled exclamation, and looking towards his visitor saw him fall to the floor insensible.

The attendants dashed water in his face, and Dr. Kirby forced brandy between his closed lips, but it was longer than usual before consciousness came back. When he came out of the faint he passed his hand before his eyes, staggered to his feet, looked again at the face of the dead, and cried: "My God, my sister."

They led him from the room, and in broken words he told Dr. Kirby his sister had left the Louisville home five years before, and from that day the family had heard nothing from her and believed her dead. Dr. Kirby will not disclose the name of the girl's family, saying only that it is one which in Louisville is synonymous with wealth and the highest social standing.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

Gary Enthusiastic Over the Plan for Savings.

New York, Sept. 9.—Postmaster General Gary arrived in town from Washington. He is staying at the Waldorf. When asked regarding the report that he was in favor of postal savings banks and was considering the practicability of their establishment, Postmaster-General Gary said:

"I have the establishment of postal savings banks under very careful consideration. I am collecting data from all parts of the world regarding such institutions. I am satisfied in my own mind that postal savings banks will be one of the features of this administration if we can inaugurate this system.

"There has been opposition from savings banks in the past, but I think that has died out. Most savings institutions have more money than they want. I am connected with one in Baltimore that has required depositors to reduce their balances to a certain amount. Postoffice savings banks would help the other banks, and they would constitute one of the greatest manufacturers of patriotism. Give a man an interest in the government and he is pretty sure to take a deeper interest in it."

OHIO'S CENTENNIAL.

The Commission Following Up the Notion of an Exposition.

Columbus, O., Sept. 9.—Ohio is to properly celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its existence as a state if the wishes of the Centennial Commission, appointed by Governor Bushnell, under authority of an act of the last Legislature, are carried out. The commission proposes to not only celebrate the event, but to celebrate it with an exposition, fashioned somewhat after the exposition now being held in Tennessee.

In order to obtain information as to the manner of conducting the Nashville exposition, and something of the cost of its preparation and maintenance, Mr. F. M. Ritzel, of Warren, secretary of the Ohio commission, has gone to that place where he will make a somewhat extended stay and fully investigate the methods in use there. Upon his return these will be incorporated into a report and submitted to the full commission. The Legislature will then be requested at its next session to give such legislation as is needed.

ADVANCE IN WAGES.

Coming Result of the Iron and Coal Revival in the South.

Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 10.—The revival among the iron and coal industries of this district has reached the point where a substantial advance in wages for 15,000 men is in sight.

G. B. McCormack, general manager of the Tennessee Coal and Iron and Railroad Company, to-day announced that as soon as the price of pig iron goes 25 cents per ton higher his company, in accordance with the sliding wage scale based on the price of pig iron, will advance its 10,000 employes 2½ cents for every ton of coal mined, or about 9 per cent.

As iron has advanced 50 cents per ton during the last two weeks, and as the market is strong and the demand active, a further rise is expected at any time.

Other operators

WASHINGTON.

SEC. GAGE ANSWERS BRYAN.

No Increased Value to Gold or Silver by Coining the Metal.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 13.—Secretary Gage takes issue with W. J. Bryan about a letter by the free silver advocate and published in the Tribune, Sept. 5, 1897, and proceeds to burst another balloon which was started by the Boy Orator of the Platte. One extract from this letter reads as follows:

"It is the contention of bimetallists that the opening of our mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 will fix a mint price for silver, just as a mint price is now fixed for gold. They further contend that the demand thus created by law will be sufficient to utilize all the silver presented, and thus the bullion value will be raised to the coinage value."

"In the above paragraph," says the secretary of the Treasury, "Mr. Bryan as usual obscures and misleads the unthinking and even those who are not specially qualified to analyze and detect his sophistications are liable to be confused. Let us examine it carefully. In the first place, there is, properly speaking, no mint price for either gold or silver. All that the mint does with the man who brings to the mint a certain number of grains of uncoined gold is to give him in return the same number of grains in coined gold—less enough to pay for the metal alloy used by the mint in coining it.

"All that it could do for silver at whatever so-called 'ratio' would be to give to the man bringing uncoined silver to the mint an equal amount in ounces and grains of coined silver, less the cost of the alloy used by the mint in coining it. In neither case is there any demand thus set up. In the one case the man has his gold returned to him in gold dollars. In the other case he has silver returned to him in silver dollars. Increased demand could only come by making it legal tender.

Up to this point nothing in the shape of a demand such as Bryan talks about, has appeared. Why then does he sophisticate about the demand thus created by law when there is no demand 'thus created by law.' If there is a 'demand' for either gold or silver dollars, it must be outside of the mint, in the commercial world. This commercial demand would express itself in the ratio or price at which things would be offered in exchange for one as compared with the other. Take the legal tender quality away from both and neither Mr. Bryan nor any of his intelligent followers would claim that silver in the form of dollars would bring in exchange for things any substantially higher price than the bullion would bring before being coined.

"He adds to his statement, 'Thus the bullion value will be raised to the coinage value.' There is no 'raise' about it. Under free coinage the bullion value and the coinage value are and must be identical—but the determining factor is the bullion value.

"The matter might be here dismissed, but there is or would be an influence at work which might and probably would operate to raise the value of silver, to what extent or how continuously nobody knows. That influence is the legal tender quality which the silver men want their free silver dollars to carry. At this point they do not come out into the open, but carefully indulge in obscurity. The reason why the legal tender quality might or would lend a greater value to silver is this, and this only: as they would serve to pay existing debts, many people would avail themselves thereof to discharge their obligations, provided they could make a profit to themselves by doing so. This they could do only in case the silver dollars were worth less than gold dollars. At the same cost most people will keep their honor and integrity. Many will do so at any sacrifice. A few will forfeit both for the most paltry consideration. How great a 'demand' would be thus set up for silver dollars, as before stated, nobody knows.

"We will grant there would be a demand, and if there were now no silver dollars in existence those first coming in to the market would bring a high price. But there are now about five hundred million such dollars, and one dollar can be made to serve by repeated use in the payment of unlimited dolars of debt. So that if there was such a demand for the new dollars as to materially enhance their price in the beginning, the increasing supply always coming through the mint would soon satisfy it, and the price —i. e., the market price—would soon decline again to a point where the value of the silver dollar would be relegated to its exchangeable power for things in the commercial exchanges of the world.

"When that time came, which it soon would, the market value of the coined dollar would be the same as the market value of the bullion in it; and unless a new demand would arise not now foreseen or unless the silver supply should be much reduced, the value of silver, either as a metal or as money, would not be essentially different from the present value of silver bullion."

DOLLAR WHEAT.

Observations of the West by Secretary Wilson.

Washington, Sept. 8.—Secretary Wilson was at his desk in the Agricultural department yesterday for the first time for a month, having just returned from his tour of the trans-Mississippi states. He went as far West as Montana and Utah, giving especial attention to the agricultural interests of the states visited.

"I found the farmers in especially good spirits," said he. "There is no doubt that confidence is restored, and that the country is justified in its anticipations of better times. The people are all busy in the West. Indeed, I do not believe there is an idle man West of the Mississippi who wants work."

Mr. Wilson predicted a still farther advance in the price of wheat, due to the fact that there is not only a short crop abroad, but also because of the fact that, according to observation, the crop will not be so extensive as has generally been anticipated.

"I believe that even without the shortage in the foreign crops the conditions in this country would have forced wheat to $1 a bushel, but," he added, "the improved condition of the farmer is due not alone to the enhanced price in wheat, but there has been a corresponding improvement in all farm products."

FARM PRODUCTS.

Comparative Figures Showing Increased Prices.

Washington Sept. 9.—Assistant Secretary Brigham of the department of agriculture has prepared the following table showing the increase in prices of farm products this year over those of the corresponding period in 1896:

These are Cincinnati figures in all cases.

	1896.	1897.
Butter, creamery, per pound	$0.18	$0.18
Butter, dairy, per pound	.07	.10
Cheese, per pound	.07½	.09
Eggs, per dozen	.10½	.11
Hides, per pound	.04½	.08½
Rye, per bushel	.30½	.50
Oats, per bushel	.16½	.23
Wheat, per bushel	.61	.85¼
Corn, per bushel	.24	.32
Hogs, per hundredweight	3.25	4.40
Potatoes, per barrel	.90	2.10
Sheep, each	2.10	2.35
Lambs, each	2.50	5.50

BACK AT WASHINGTON.

President McKinley's Return Made Pleasant.

Washington, Sept. 14.—President McKinley returned to Washington yesterday afternoon from Somerset, Pa. Attorney General McKenna accompanied the President and Mrs. McKinley, and the other members of the party were Miss Endsley and Executive Clerk George B. Cortelyn. There was a very small crowd at the B. & O. depot at 5:30, the hour when the train was expected. The cabinet was represented by Secretaries Bliss and Wilson and Postmaster General Gary.

The President was cheered as he appeared on the platform, and after lifting his hat in acknowledgement, assisted

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Mrs. McKinley to alight. The party was driven at once to the White House.

The run from Somerset was uneventful, except for the crowds which greeted the train at the stopping places enroute. The President looked in good health and spirits.

At Cumberland the President was introduced by Gov. Lowndes to the crowd at the station, and made a brief address. He said:

"I appreciate this manifestation of your regard and good will. I rejoice, as I travel through this country at the good feeling manifest, at the unity and fraternity prevailing, and the warm appreciation which the people have for this country and its institutions. I thank you all, and bid you good afternoon."

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Court Decision of Far-Reaching Importance as to Removals.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Judge Cox, of the United States supreme court of the District of Columbia, to-day dismissed the bill of complaint of John G. Wood, superintendent of mails at Louisville, praying that Postmaster General Gary and Assistant Postmaster General Heath be enjoined from removing him from office. The case has been considered in the nature of a test of the power of removal, and the delivery of the opinion drew to the court room many public officials including members of the civil service commission.

Judge Cox's decision was an elaborate review of the law bearing on removals of federal employes. He held at the outset that it was not within the power of a court of equity to grant relief in matters of appointment and removal from office. Then taking up the merits of the case he stated that it was settled law that the power of removal was an incident to the power of appointment, and that both could be exercised by the head of a department in reference to subordinate officials.

Concerning the civil service law, Judge Cox held that it must not be construed to grant authority, either to the civil service commission or to the President, to make rules contrary to the law itself, or of a legislative character. He quoted with approval the decision of Justice Brewer, that Congress could not delegate its power to legislate to any administrative body. The decision sums up as follows:

"The simple inquiry is whether the rules invoked by the complainant, whether the President or the commission or both be the authors of them, are such as the civil service act authorized to be established. In my judgment, they are ultra vires and void. I have no doubt that the President may lay down rules for the internal policy of his administration, and may require his chief executive officers, dependent upon his pleasure for their terms of office, to conform to them or else to sever their official relations with him; and in that sense, the rules relied on by the complainant were within his political and executive authority. But the enforcement of such rules is a matter between the President and his cabinet and not a matter for the courts or one in which the complainant has any legal interest. All that I mean to state in this opinion is that the rules in question were not such as the civil service act authorizes and do not derive any efficacy from that act.

"I know of nothing more important to the interests of the country than the policy which the civil service legislation was intended to initiate and promote, and it is perhaps a matter of great regret that the act of Jan. 16, 1883 (the civil service act), has not gone further than it does. But it is my duty to construe it as it is.

"To sum up, I conclude that apart from the civil service act the postmaster general had the authority to remove the complainant from office at his pleasure; that this all makes no change in this respect, except to forbid removals for refusal to contribute to partisan objects; that the power given to the commission and the President to establish rules to carry that act into effect does not authorize any rule which shall make a change in the law in this respect; and consequently that, even if this court had jurisdiction in a case like the present one the complainant is not entitled to the relief prayed."

It is probable that an appeal will be taken from the decision and it is said that ultimately the United States supreme court will be asked to pass on the question involved.

TOO MUCH GOLD.

Secretary Gage Has Difficulty to Know What to Do With It.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 11.—Secretary Gage finds himself confronted with a curious difficulty. The treasury is getting more gold than it knows what to do with. Only last year President Cleveland was staying up nights because the gold reserve was being bitten off in large chunks in New York, and there seemed to be no way to stop the drain except by the continued sale of bonds at high rates of interest, because payment in gold could not be stipulated. Secretary Carlisle always had plenty of greenbacks, because they were constantly pouring into the treasury to take the place of gold sent abroad. Now there is a plethora of gold, and it has been found necessary to notify the New York subtreasury that from this time on the receipt of gold may almost be discouraged. The treasury would much prefer to receive greenbacks. While the gold piles up the paper is becoming scarce, and unless there is a change before long it will be necessary to resort to gold payments.

The gold reserve at the close of business yesterday was $145,205,319, or $45,000,000 more than the traditionary limit. The treasury has available $32,000,000 of greenbacks, $28,000,000 of treasury notes, and $11,000,000 of silver certificates, or only about half as much paper as gold. This sum of $71,000,000 is ample for present contingencies, but if future revenue should happen to be paid in gold it would not be long before Uncle Sam would have to pay his debts in Klondike currency because of the comparative scarcity of paper.

PENSION REPORT.

Government Paid Out $140,477,637 Last Year.

Washington, Sept. 10.—The annual report of the auditor for the Interior department shows that the amount paid for pensions during the last year was $140,477,637.

The payments on pension account for the fiscal year of 1896 was $138,722,127 and for the fiscal year of 1895, $140,558,641; 1894, $137,119,551, and for 1893, $154,552,214.

Would-be Government Architects.

Washington, Sept. 10.—The civil service examination of applicants for appointment to the office of supervising architect of the Treasury is being held to-day. There are 32 applicants and the examinations will be conducted at Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Memphis, Kansas City, Atlanta, Syracuse, St. Joseph, Cincinnati, Omaha, San Francisco, St. Louis and Augusta, Ga. New York furnishes the largest number of applicants. There are six from that city and four each from Chicago and Philadelphia.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIES.

Some Figures Showing Extent of Weaving Industry.

Washington, Sept. 8.—A report has been received at the state department showing to what extent the weaving industry has been followed in Japan. In 1896 there was 949,123 looms with 1,042,866 persons engaged, of which 985,016 were women and girls. The value of the textile product for the year was $96,187,235, made up in part as follows: Silk textiles, $46,431,401; silk and cotton mixed, $10,281,272; cotton, $37,083,757; and hemp, $2,021,467.

URUGUAY'S INSURGENTS.

News at Washington That Peace is at Hand.

Washington, Sept. 13.—A cablegram received at the navy department to-day from Commander Perry, of the gunboat Castine, at Montevideo, says that commissioners representing the government of Uruguay and the insurgents have agreed upon terms of peace which are still subject, however, to the ratification of congress. It is not doubted that the agreement will be ratified, and the Castine will go to Buenos Ayres.

Australian Gold.

Washington, Sept. 8.—Consul General Maratta reports to the state department that for the six months ended June 30, 1897, there were received at the Melbourne, Australia, mint, 619,214 ounces of gold. This came from Australia and the surrounding islands.

Chinese Restrictions.

Washington, Sept. 11.—The secretary of the treasury has notified customs collectors that Chinese laborers who leave this country under the existing treaty with China, must land at the port at which they departed.

YELLOW FEVER.

Most of the Sick Are Improving Rapidly.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 14.—The announcement of the ninth case of yellow fever in New Orleans, including the Geipi death, was officially made by the board of health Monday afternoon. The ninth case is Edward McGinty, a young man living immediately opposite a residence up town where a child died from the fever that had been prevailing at Ocean Springs, at which house he had been a common visitor. This is the first case reported up-town, all other cases being in the lower section, and in this instance, as in all others, the origin of the case has been traced to Ocean Springs. The suspicious case referred to above, is that of a physician who has been in attendance upon some of the patients at Ocean Springs. The announcement of one more case and probably another has made no change in the state of the public mind.

There is no lack of confirmation on the part of the board in their ability to restrict each sporadic case, and the only result of these new cases is to add greatly to the labors of the sanitary forces of the board. Additional doctors of experience are being added to the staff of the board of health.

Monroe, yesterday, on receipt of information that there are several cases of yellow fever in New Orleans, declared a rigid quarantine against this city, and all trains are being thoroughly searched. Of the cities of the South in danger of infection Atlanta is the only one that has refused to quarantine, and that has invited all refuges within her gates.

Dr. Carter, of the Marine hospital service, returned to Ocean Springs yesterday from Barclay, and reports a serious condition there. Barclay is a little postoffice seven miles northeast of the detention camp. Dr. Carter reports eight cases of yellow fever there out of a population of 25 souls. There have been four deaths in ten days, the last occurring Saturday night, and other deaths are momentarily expected. The fever was imported from Ocean Springs. The town has been completely isolated and guards placed around it.

JACKSON, MISS., EXCITED.

The People Taking Fright and Fleeing to the Country.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 14.—Excitement was at fever heat in this city yesterday over the yellow fever scare, caused almost entirely by the presence of 30 cases of dengue fever at Edwards, 70 miles west of here. Many people are fleeing to the surrounding country. The wagon roads and railroads leading into town are being closely guarded. At noon the mayor of Edwards telegraphed the Associated Press as follows: "There are only three new cases of dengue this morning. All doing well. No yellow fever."

Fifteen Cases at Biloxi.

Biloxi, Miss., Sept. 14.—The state board of health report fifteen cases of yellow fever, seven suspicious and four dengue, in Biloxi last night.

One Case at Mobile.

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 14.—The board of health met to-day, and, on adjournment, Dr. George A. Ketchum, its president, authorized the statement that one case of yellow fever had developed Monday morning at the city hospital. The patient is a Norwegian sailor.

MICHIGAN PEACHES.

Small Crop, but Prices Make Growers Smile.

Ludington, Mich., Sept. 11.—While the peach crop is turning out small as to the number of bushels in this county, the quality was never before so fine. Some of the great loads that are now coming in here make the most wonderful show we ever had. The most of the fruit are as large as a tea cup, more highly colored than ever before. Several farmers who came in to-day sold their wagon loads at from $50 to $75 each, the loads containing from 40 to 50 bushels each. They have only one-fifth of a crop, but declare they are getting more money with much less labor for their crop than they got a year ago for their full yield.

The pear crop this year in the county is the only full crop of fruit we have had. Every tree is loaded, and the quality of the fruit is unsurpassed. Large loads of the Flemish beauty are coming in now, and their high quality and delicate coloring excite much admiration by the agents who are here to buy them.

CRACK AMERICAN LINER.

Another Record Broken by the St. Louis.

New York, Sept. 8.—A cablegram received from Southampton to-day announced that the American line steamer St. Louis, docked at Southampton at 5:30 this morning, and that the time of her passage from Sandy Hook light ship to the Needles was six days, ten hours and fourteen minutes.

This beats the record held by the Hamburg liner Furst Bismarck since September, '93, by 41 minutes. The St. Louis and the St. Paul now holds the best Southampton records, the former having the eastward record, and the latter the westward, by making the passage in six days and 31 minutes in August, 1896. This is a triumph for American shipbuilding, for not only do the St. Louis and St. Paul float the Stars and Stripes, but they were both launched from an American shipyard.

FT. HALL RESERVATION.

Hundred and Fifty Thousand Acres to Open for Settlers.

Pocatello, Idaho, Sept. 13.—It is announced that twelve of the chiefs of the Shoshones and Bannock Indians of the Fort Hall reservation have signed a treaty for the sale of 150,000 acres of the southern end of the reservation for $4 per acre. This will open up the southern end of the reservation to public settlement.

DEATH BY STARVATION

Will Be the Portion of Many Men in Alaska.

Eureka, Cal., Sept. 8.—The news by the steamer National City from St. Michael's corroborates all that has been said of the prospects of short rations in the gold diggings of the upper river during the winter. The steamer which connected with the river steamer J. J. Healy at the mouth of the river, brought three passengers.

One of these is J. A. Ralston, of 214 McCallister street, San Francisco. He says there is gold and lots of it, in the Klondike, but it is generally still in the ground. It is believed the claims now located could turn out 50 tons this winter if the scarcity of food did not prevent full operations. He gives a rough guess that the Klondike is good for $250,000,000 before petering out.

Six thousand men in the mines about Dawson City is the estimate of Ralston, who came down on the National City with F. E. Leonard, of Nanaimo, and R. B. Lamb, of Portland, Ore. The supply of the necessaries of life to feed these men, he says, is totally insufficient. In fact, he estimates that the stores will be exhausted before the winter is half over, when the famine will be on in earnest, and especially as the number of men in the country will be greatly augmented by the later arrivals over the passes. There is whisky, beer and all kinds of liquor in profusion, he says, but their places could have been better filled on the steamers with flour.

It is not that the men in the country have not money to buy supplies, but that the stocks of the stores are inadequate.

What wealth is coming on by the steamer Excelsior can not be estimated. Those of the passengers of the Healy who came to St. Michael's were very reticent as to their store of dust. With the exception of Ralston and his companions, all the passengers of the Healy took passage on the Excelsior. That vessel left St. Michaels the night of August 26, with 80 passengers. She was put into Ounalaska for coal, and Capt. Anderson, of the National City, is of the opinion that the Excelsior should arrive in San Francisco some time to-day.

When the National City left St. Michaels, the steamer Cleveland was taking in ballast, and expected to sail for Sound ports on August 30. Many of the passengers who had tickets for the Cleveland, took passage on the Excelsior. On the way down the river from Dawson City, which place the steamer Healy left August 14th, the steamer Weare was found hard fast on a bar. She was passed on the 16th, being about 1,200 miles from the mouth of the river. The boat had been on the bar for twenty days, and the Healy laid alongside, took off her passengers and some of the freight, and then proceeded on the way, leaving the unfortunate boat hard and fast aground with small chances of getting off before the river closes.

E. Leonard says the Weare had on board 150 passengers and about $1,500,000 in treasure. This was transferred to the Healy, and taken to St. Michaels. A considerable amount of this will arrive in San Francisco on the Excelsior.

To Escape Starvation.

When asked why he returned, Leonard said: "I found I had to get out or starve. There are about 4,000 men in Dawson, and not more than a third of them have work. If you have not a stock of grub you can not get work at any price. I had provisions for three months, and no one wanted me. I had not enough to work my own claim until spring, so I sold my stock at a good figure, and will wait until spring. Jim Dunsmuir, the Eldorado king, has had $30,000 worth of provisions ordered for some months but has not yet been able to obtain more than a fifth of it, even with the cash up in advance.

"Those coming out, however, did not bring all their clean ups with them."

Leonard recites numerous instances of men who had cleaned up from $50,000 to $100,000, but had taken away barely a third of that. The men say they made nothing except as wages at $15 a day for a month or so.

F. Lamb, of Portland, is authority for the statement that over fifty men have already died of scurvy this summer.

Juneau Land Titles.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 13.—The trouble over land titles in Juneau has at last been settled by a decision of Judge Delaney, of the United States court at Juneau. The possessory rights of squatters who have improved their holdings are held to be good against invasion. Titles given by the original locater are by the decision rendered valid, even though the holders should be absent from the premises.

DISTRESS IN ALASKA,

And People of Dawson Are Facing Starvation.

San Francisco, Sept. 10.—The Examiner prints an extra edition containing the following news from Dawson City:

Otter Point, B. C., Sept. 10.—The steamer Cleveland has arrived from St. Michaels, bringing with her from the Yukon gold fields a story of distress and disaster.

The miners she has on board and officers in charge of the ship tell the story of disaster and distress at Dawson. The winter has set in at the mining city of the frozen north, and two great stores of the place have closed their doors, for they have nothing to sell. Those who have been seeking gold must now seek food or starve. While there may be a tendency to exaggerate the actual condition of affairs, there can be no question that famine threatens the adventurous men and women who went to the Klondike.

Hundreds of unruly spirits are flocking to Dawson.

Threats of violence are being made on every side.

Indignation meetings heavy with uttered threats of vengeance are held at St. Michaels by those who see little hopes of advancing up the river and less of getting back to civilization.

The first signs of winter are apparent on the river Yukon, which is beginning to freeze and in a few weeks will be closed. Enormous prices are now being paid for food at Dawson and it is impossible that more than four vessels with provisions can reach Dawson before the river is a mass of ice.

On the Cleveland there are 38 passengers, men women and children who have come from Dawson City.

There are few miners in this party that are able to tell of prosperity. Most of them wish to exaggerate their possessions and if one were to believe the stories they tell he would say that the treasure ship in which they have come carries $5,000,000.

Capt. Hall, master of the Cleveland, says that he has $100,000 in his safe. The purser believes that he can account for $150,000 on board. The Cleveland has some of the passengers of the P. B. Weare on board. The Weare left Dawson City in time to connect with the Portland, had she not met with a mishap and struck on the flats above Circle City. They report that on July 25 the stores of the Alaska Commercial Company and of the North American Trading and Transportation Company announced that they had no more food to sell.

Three weeks before the same companies were unable to furnish outfits, and when the announcement was made that no more goods were available, consternation resulted on the part of the people of Dawson, with gold seekers piling in at the rate of 20 to 30 a day.

Drunkenness, gambling, and disorder were rampant, and conservative observers predict the most serious consequences.

There is gold everywhere, but the people of Dawson want food more than gold.

SEVERAL VESSELS WRECKED.

Hundreds of Lives May Have Been Lost.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 11.—Perhaps the most serious disaster which has befallen any of the Alaska expeditions is that which may have overtaken the old side-wheel steamer Eliza Anderson. The captain of the Cleveland reports that on August 24 a heavy gale sprang up off Kodiak, and the Eliza Anderson became separated from the rest of the fleet. Shortly previously she signalled the Holyoke that she was short of coal, and asked the tug to her assistance. Before the latter could do so, the barge she was towing broke away and the Holyoke was forced to go in search of it. While she was absent, the Eliza Anderson was blown out of sight of the other two vessels and her fate is unknown. It is possible that she managed to reach Kodiak, an optimistic opinion cherished by the captain of the Holyoke. The Anderson carried 125 passengers and about 150 tons of freight.

The Cleveland has on board three men from the sailing schooner Aurora Borealis who were lost from the vessel during a dense fog last month. The men were three days and nights in an open boat without food or water, when the fog lifted and they put into Dutch Harbor, where they boarded the Cleveland and worked their passage to this port.

Another Disaster.

Just before the Cleveland left St. Michael's the survivors of a most disastrous wreck, in which 42 men lost their lives, reached the island. Only nine live to tell the tale of one of the most terrible trips ever taken in Arctic waters. The steam whaler Navarch, of San Francisco, cruising in the Arctic waters, got caught in an iceberg. The particulars of the fearful loss of life which followed the unfortunate ship were not obtained by either passengers on the Cleveland or her crew. As much as they knew is contained in the brief summary above and a few additional facts.

After the steamer became jammed in the ice there must have been part of the crew who tried to get out by working their way across the ice. There were 31 of these who perished. Eleven more froze to death on the boat, leaving nine survivors. These nine consist of Capt. C. A. Whiteside and wife, the first and fourth mates and four seamen. They made their way out on a canvass canoe and reached Cooper Island. There they raised signals of distress which were observed by the revenue cutter Bear. The Navrach was a steamship of 1,783 gross tons and 1,385 net tonnage. She was owned in San Francisco and valued at $37,000 exclusive of her outfit.

HONDURAS IS ON HAND.

Syndicate of New Yorkers Control Everything.

New York, Sept. 10.—The World prints the following this morning: "The control of the government of Honduras by Americans" are the words of the American consul of Honduras, used in his report to the state department concerning the effect of the concessions recently made by the government of Honduras to an organization of wealthy New Yorkers. This consideration was the cause of the advancing of several million of dollars—whether five millions or fifteen cannot be ascertained, to the Honduras government, whereby it may keep above bankruptcy. On the board of directors of the concern appear the names of John Jacob Astor, Dr. Seward Webb, Chauncey M. Depew, J. J. McCullough, Frederick B. Jennings, Charles McVey and Melville E. Ingalls, jr.

The organizer is Henry L. Sprague, a lawyer of this city.

When Mr. Sprague made his visit to Honduras he succeeded beyond his fondest hopes. The goverument was willing to grant him everything he wanted if the men of millions whom he represented would only assume certain financial obligations that would save the republic from ruin.

The nature of the deal has been kept very much of a secret so far but it is known that the plan includes not only the completion and control of the Honduras railway, the management of its telegraph system and the dictation of tariff duties at the custom house but also the establishment of a national bank to carry out a fiscal policy for paying off the Honduras debt.

The government promises not to interfere for five years at least. It is also on the cards to establish a steamship line from Truxillo, on the Atlantic coast of Honduras, to Belize, in Bolivia. A plan is afoot also it is said, to instigate emigration from here to Honduras for men who can stand the climate which is very trying to those accustomed only to the temperate zones.

TO FIND THE POLE.

Three Expeditions Will Be in the Field Next Season.

New York, Sept. 8.—Walter Wellman, the journalist and arctic explorer, was one of the passengers on the New York, which arrived yesterday. He has been to Norway and Russia to consult with Dr. Nansen, and to arrange for a steamer and for a large number of dogs. He said that efforts would be made to reach the north pole until the feat was accomplished.

"At least three expeditions will be in the field next year," he said. "One will be that of Capt. Sverdrup in the Fram; another, that of Lieut. Peary in Greenland, and the third the one that will be made by myself in Franz Josef land.

"My arrangements are to sail from Bergen, Norway, in a staunch ice steamer, on June 15. Ten men will comprise the expedition. They will be Norwegians with the exception of two or three Americans. We shall establish a supply station at Cape Flora, leaving two men in charge. We shall set out on our journey toward the pole in the early part of 1899, and shall be equipped for a journey of 100 or 110 days. It will be a journey of about 550 English miles from Cape Fligely to the pole."

WANTS TO BE GOLD KING.

John D. Rockefeller is Looking Out for Rich California Mines.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 10.—It seems that John D. Rockefeller, in addition to being the oil king and starting a movement to become the iron king, has also got in view the title of the gold king. He has decided if it proves worth while after investigation to invest in California gold mines, and may mine the yellow metal in other parts of the world as well.

He has sent his private secretary, Hulet Merritt, to look into the proposition. Mr. Merritt arrived in Duluth Tuesday, and Wednesday evening left in F. T. Gates' private car over the Great Northern road for California. It is not known what mine in particular Mr. Merritt is going to look after, but there is no doubt that he is after one, and none of those that know will deny this, although they will not say that such is Mr. Merritt's mission in so many words.

MONETARY COMMISSION.

Eight of the Eleven to Be Named Have Consented to Act.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 9.—H. H. Hanna, chairman of the executive committee of the monetary convention that met in this city last January, announced Wednesday afternoon that nine of the 11 members of the monetary commission that were to be chosen have accepted, and authorizes the publication of their names. The following are the names of those who have accepted: George F. Edmunds, Vermont; Charles S. Fairchild, New York; Stuyvesant Fish, New York; Stewart Patterson, Pennsylvania; T. G. Bush, Alabama; J. W. Fryce, North Carolina; W. B. Dean, Minnesota; Gorge E. Leighton, Missouri; Robert S. Taylor, Indiana.

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IMMIGRATION INCREASING.

Several Shiploads Landed During the Week.

New York, Sept. 11.—The immigrant is once more coming in on the quiet. Thursday four ships brought very nearly 1,500 steerage passengers. There were nearly 700 on the Teutonic, more than half the number being Irish girls, seeking service in America. The Etne, from Genoa, brought 412, chiefly Italians. It is said there is a marked increase in the number of steerage passengers every week. The news concerning the Klondike, "dollar wheat," and returning prosperity has been scattered all over Europe by the agents of the steamship lines.

Markets and Crops.

BUSINESS GROWS BETTER.

Good Showing by the Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Sept. 11.—R. G. Dun's Weekly Review of Trade, says:

Business grows better in all ways, for while its speculative end breaks conspicuous gamblers for a decline, a steady increase in production, in working force and in the power of the people to purchase is the feature which overshadows all others. Reports of New York trade unions show an increase since one year ago of 34 per cent in the number of men at work, and a similar increase among men in like position throughout the country would exceed 340,000, while every week adds many establishments to the active list. The farmers are helped by higher prices for wheat, and while western receipts do not show that they have marketed a tenth of their crops, assurance of a handsome profit to come prepares them to buy liberally hereafter. Because of this, and the increase of hands at work, dealers throughout the country have started to replenish stocks, which is the great force at present operating in manufactures and trade, though distribution in retail trade has greatly increased, gain of 12 per cent in one month in the output of pig iron from 165,378 tons August 1, to 185,506 September 1, with knowledge that half a dozen other furnaces are preparing to to resume, and that unsold stocks have been reduced 14,400 tons weekly in August, indicating a consumption of about 180,000 tons, more than explains the moderate advance in prices of finished products, averaging but six per cent since the lowest point August 12.

Wheat has risen 5 cents the past week, not in a flurry, but in answer to the daily increasing foreign demand. Though reports of the crop, now almost wholly out of danger, indicate a yield never surpassed but once, foreign accounts still strengthen the belief that the deficiency abroad will be about 100,000,000 bushels more than usual, and meanwhile reports indicate that less corn than was expected will be available for export. Its price has risen 3 cents, or 9½ of a cent. Wheat receipts at all the Western points for the week are a little below last year's, but Atlantic exports are 9,778,138 bushels, flour included, against 4,270,755 last year for two weeks, with 5,579,771 bushels of corn against 3,570,704 last year, indicate a foreign demand apparently limited at present only by ship room. Since the small corner in August cotton has relapsed to 7½c, no rumors affecting prices much. Northern mills are consuming very largely with a continuing demand for goods which have advanced the prices of many. With enormous speculative sales of wool which appears to constitute most of the market at Boston, there is also more buying there and elsewhere by the woolen mills which are enjoying extraordinary demand for goods at prices averaging net 10 per cent higher than was paid early in the year. The average advance for the week in securities has been 1.02 per share for railroads, and 79 cents for trusts.

Failures for the week have been 215 in the United States against 315 last year, and 35 in Canada against 47 last year.

New York, Sept. 11.—Bradstreets says: The week has been marked by a continuation of comparatively free buying from jobbers and commission merchants in anticipation of wants at almost all important distributing points. At a number of centers special rate excursions of merchants have increased the week's volume of business. Notwithstanding the intervention of a holiday speculative interest and the strength of wool remains the feature of that market. Cotton fabrics have improved their position in value of increased demand and in cheaper raw material. At Central Western points, notably Chicago and St. Louis, business has been quite active. Western iron and steel mills are practically independent of buyers for the remainder of the calendar year. The August advance in prices for more than 100 staple raw and manufactured articles, products, live stock, etc., amounted to 3.4 per cent, following a 3.1 per cent. advance in July. During the first six months of the calendar year prices referred to fell away about 2.6 per cent. Exports of wheat, flour included as wheat, from both coasts of the United States and Montreal show a falling off from last week, but are still very large, aggregating 5,461,505 bushels with the exception of last week, when the total exports aggregated 6,258,247 bushels, they are the largest for any week this year and compare with exports in the like week a year ago of 3,709,141.

Corn exports are the largest for any week since last spring, aggregating 4,943,348 bushels, against 2,656,000 bushels last year.

GOVERNMENT CROP REPORT.

Corn Much Lower Than for Many Years.

Washington, Sept. 11.—The September report of the statistician of the department of agriculture shows the following average conditions on September 1: Corn, 79.3, oats, 94.6, rye, 90.1, tobacco, 75.5, wheat, 85.7, barley, 94.4, buckwheat, 95.1, potatoes, 66.7. The condition of corn, 79.3, is 4.9 points lower than last month, 11.9 lower than on September 1, 1896, and 3 points lower than the September average for the last ten years. The principal State averages are as follows: Ohio, 84; Michigan, 88; Indiana, 82; Illinois, 84; Iowa, 70; Missouri, 74; Kansas, 61; Nebraska, 87; Texas, 81; Tennessee, 85; Kentucky, 86.

The condition of wheat, 85.7, is 11.1 points higher than on September 1, 1896, and 4.5 points higher than the September average for the last ten years.

There is a marked decline in the principal spring wheat states as compared with last month. The average condition of oats is 84.6 as compared with 88 on August 1, with 74 on September 1, 1896, and with 80.7 the September average for the last ten years. The average condition of barley, 86.4, shows a decline of 1.1 points during the month, but is higher by 3.3 points than on September 1, 1896, and by 1.9 points than the September average for the last ten years.

The average condition of rye, 90.1, is 8.1 points higher than on September 1, 1896, and 3.1 points above the average for the last ten years.

The condition of buckwheat, 95.1, shows a slight improvement during the month. It is 1.9 points higher than on September 1, 1896, and 2.3 points higher than the September average for the last ten years. The average condition of potatoes has continued to fall, and is now only 66.7, or 11.2 points lower than on August 1; 16.6 points lower than on September 1, 1896, and 11.7 points below the average for the last ten years.

The number of hogs for fattening shows a decrease of 9.2 per cent from that of last year. The point of condition of stock hogs is 1.1 point lower than on September 1, 1896, and 0.7 of a point below the September average for the last ten years. As regards the apple crop, all the New England states with New York, Michigan, Indiana, Kansas and Missouri show a further marked decline. West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Ohio show a slight decline. Virginia a marked improvement, and North Carolina a slight improvement. There is no marked improvement in the reports concerning the fruit crop except from Georgia and Mississippi, and in the great majority of states there is no material change.

WHEAT SITUATION.

Monthly Report of Government Statistician Hyde.

Washington, Sept. 14.—The following relating to the wheat situation is an extract from the complete monthly report of Mr. John Hyde, the statistician of the Agricultural department, which will be issued to-day:

High prices for wheat for several weeks past have been bringing out supplies quite freely and increased supplies have caused some decline from the highest prices of August. The general tenor of information gleaned from all available sources is not, however, of a character to warrant the expectation or the fear of any material cheapening of wheat until another crop is in sight with a prospect of ampler stocks.

With an annual average European product of over 1,428,000,000 bushels during the six years from 1891 to 1896 inclusive, we exported an average of 166,373,872 bushels a year. This year the European crop, according to Bromhall's Corn Trade News, will in round numbers, amount to 1,320,000,000 Winchester bushels, or, 99,000,000 bushels less than the average of the six years in question. If we make the comparison with the figures given by Beerbohm for 1897, the deficiency in the European crop is still greater, the figures in millions of bushels being: Average for 1891-'96, 1,428; crop of 1897, 1,315; difference, 113.

There is, according to Beerbohm's estimate of this year's crop, a deficiency of 113,000,000 bushels in European countries as compared with their average production, but some allowance must be made for the increased acreage in Argentine.

The weakening factor was enormous Northwestern receipts—1,691 cars, as compared with 1,474 for the corresponding day last year, and soon after the opening prices eased, but soon rallied strong on liberal export engagements. But near noon the markets again eased on realizations, with prices ½c to ¾c above the opening.

This afternoon continental markets closed weak, and our own markets sagged in the United States, closing weak.

Export clearances of wheat to-day, 671,877 bushels; flour, 19,927 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 761,539 bushels.

Primary receipts: Wheat, 1,780,000 bushels; same time last year, 1,424,000. Shipments, 424,000 bushels; same time last year, 610,000. Receipts of corn, 1,300,000 bushels; same time last year, 400,000. Shipments, 925,000 bushels; same time last year, 528,000.

Bradstreet's shows: Wheat, increase, 5,700,000 bushels; corn, increase, 2,770,000 bushels; oats, increase, 227,000 bushels.

Paris wheat closed 25@40 centimes lower. Antwerp wheat, 25 centimes lower.

Receipts in the Northwest: Wheat, 982,772 bushels; on track, 1,691 cars; same time last year, 1,474 cars.

Bulls on December wheat at Chicago at 1.00, 92¾c; calls, 93¾c.

Oats at Chicago for September, 20c; 2d, 20c; low, 19¾c; close, 19¾c. December, 21¾c; high, 21